**Stanley Kauffmann** *on Eugene O'Neill*


# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*September 24, 1962, 25 cents*


## The New Conservatism

*An Early Disciple Asks What Went Wrong*

*Peter Viereck*

## Billie Sol Esteschvich

*Colette Blackmoore*

*Louis J. Halle* **Dealing with Franco**

*Gerald W. Johnson* **Public Works**

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*So-So Congress*

★ Measured by the standard of what Kennedy asks this has been a so-so Congress; measured by any two years of Eisenhower it has been a brilliant Congress. Congress is nearly done now and we can see from its record what the 1962 midterm election is about; the stakes are whether voters want faster movement urged by Kennedy or the sluggish rate followed by Congress or maybe a slower rate.

The midterm election is a poor vehicle for deciding this for it involves a complex of local struggles in which national issues are often only a far-off humming. The party in control of the White House, since 1900, has averaged a loss of 39 seats at midterm. If Kennedy loses only half this he probably will get no school aid, medicare, department of urban affairs or curb on farm surplus measures for another two years. It would also probably mean that the House Rules Committee will come "unpacked" again. After a fierce struggle, you remember, Kennedy forces under Speaker Rayburn got the Rules Committee bottleneck enlarged from 12 to 15, by a 217-212 vote, early in 1961. It was supposed to break conservative control. Well, it didn't. It helped some. But as this is written the Rules Committee has over a score of bills bottled up; for example, four bills to aid migrant workers passed by the Senate and approved by the House Education Committee. The autocratic Rules Committee won't let the House vote on them.

Shift of a hundred thousand votes in 1960 would have made Nixon President instead of Kennedy. Dear me, Nixon is out there in California now running for Governor on his favorite issue – anti-Communism. His rival, Pat Brown, he charges, hasn't passed "one piece of anti-Communist legislation in four years"; make Nixon Governor and he will promptly give the state a "three-pronged anti-subversive program." Think of it; most of the newspapers of America wanted Nixon for President!

*Laying It on the Line*

★ Kennedy is surely better than this. We thought he did well on two points at last week's press conference. Quite calmly and matter-of-factly he told the aerospace industry to dust off its thinking – the union shop has come to stay. The union shop, he said, has been adopted by steel, auto, aluminum and other basic industries and the airplane manufacturers might as well adopt it.

We thought Kennedy also did a swell job on Cuba. He told the country to take it easy. Again he spoke calmly and unemotionally as he argued with the War Party in Congress, led by Old Guard Republicans. Kennedy may lose votes on Cuba; a lot of Republicans feel it is the big, emotional issue they have been looking for for 1962. It is embarrassing for Kennedy because of the Bay of Pigs debacle. Just the same, he is right. The danger to America is Berlin, not Cuba; people who want a war had better vote Republican.

*Georgia Sees the Glory*

★ The only way to break up the conservative one-party South, which, in effect, divides Congress into two nations, is to let more Negroes vote. It is a slow process but, we believe, inevitable. A lot of Negroes vote in Georgia and they played a part in the revolution there last week. Racist former Governor Griffin tried a comeback and was defeated in the Democratic primary by the moderate, Carl Sanders. At the same time arch-segregationist and eight-term Congressman from the Atlanta district, James C. Davis, was forced into a run-off by a young rival who narrowly outdistanced him in the first round. Negroes played a part in that vote, too. Davis heads a subcommittee in Congress which makes him a kind of mayor of vote-less Washington. It is a strange situation where a big modern city and the nation's capital is bullied by a white supremacist pipsqueak who keeps school, housing and welfare departments here in dread.

Incidentally, this was the first election in 54 years in Georgia in which a city vote counted as much as a farm vote; the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision knocks out the old iniquitous county unit system that all but disenfranchised cities. The world does move.

When Kennedy took office he offered a code of ethics barring Presidentially appointed officials from receiving fees for articles or speeches. It was an excellent step. But the Administration has allowed astronauts to sell their stories. They are heroes, their work hazardous, nothing is too good for them – that is nothing up to $10,000-a-year pay.

So the original seven Mercury astronauts pooled their talents for the $500,000 exclusive offered by *Life* magazine and invested in an apartment house. When one of them returns from space his liveliest account is reserved for commercial exploitation. Nothing is lost in this arrangement except, perhaps, good taste. It is now extended to all the astronauts. Another problem is that government public relations men have been keeping Glenn so busy that fellow Astronaut Walter Schirra complained last week that Glenn was falling behind in his advisory space activities. Nobody wants to make snide comments about these fine men. But the juxtaposition of unalloyed heroism with a commercial civilization is, we submit, a fascinating subject.

*Notes*

★ British physicists warned that US high-altitude nuclear explosions at 500 miles would blow holes in the Van Allen belt – the ring of radiation that circles the earth. American physicists pooh-poohed this. They were wrong. . . . In a little noticed speech at Minneapolis, September 7, Eisenhower's top economic adviser Arthur Burns revealed that in 1955 the Administration became seriously alarmed over inflation. At a Cabinet meeting a $2 billion cut in Federal spending was agreed to. The memorandum was forgotten in Eisenhower's subsequent heart attack, Burns said, and never acted upon. Cost of living took off on its long climb.

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# Moon Flights

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"I regard the decision last year to shift our efforts in space from low to high gear," the President said in Houston, "as among the most important decisions that will be made during my incumbency in the office of the Presidency." And why has this "most important" decision been made? "They may as well ask," Mr. Kennedy replied, "why climb the highest mountain? Why 35 years ago fly the Atlantic? Why does Rice play Texas? . . . We choose to go to the moon in this decade, and do other things – not because they are easy, but because they are hard; because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills; because that challenge is one that we're willing to accept; one we are unwilling to postpone, and one we intend to win – and the others too." And he concluded by recalling that, "Many years ago the great British explorer George Mallory, who was to die on Mount Everest, was asked why did he want to climb it. He said: 'Because it is there'."

The President placed himself on a lofty redoubt in invoking the Can-Do spirit of America. It was more inspiring than his vow that we shall not allow the moon and the planets beyond to be "governed by a hostile flag of conquest." No one has made a convincing case that planking our flag on another planet would afford free nations any greater security than they now have by virtue of our growing arsenal of long- and short-range nuclear tipped missiles and space satellites. "Because it is there" has a more romantic ring too than the announcement that the allocation of $5.4 billion in this year's federal budget for space "has already created a number of new companies and tens of thousands of new jobs" – though this is a boon to the declining aircraft industry.

And yet, has the President found the apt analogy? Daring as it is to reach for the moon, is it comparable to the personal adventure of a Lindbergh or a Mallory? Will Cape Canaveral infuse a new spiritual vigor into the national life? Or one might ask, is the FBI agent acceptable dramatically as the 20th Century equivalent of Sherlock Holmes?

If we cannot fully respond to Mr. Kennedy's fine enthusiasm, perhaps it is because the press agents have done their work too well; or because the space heroes are permitted to sell their experiences at Hollywood prices. Or perhaps the enterprise is clouded by its very immensity, or by our awareness, however often the President says it isn't so, that the race to the moon is a part of an increasingly dan-

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gerous duel for military supremacy.

But it is of no avail to cavil at a national decision of highest importance that is so enthusiastically cheered, especially by the young. The moon is there and Americans shall get there, first or second. A thriller has to be read to the end. Moon politics is good politics, and the minority who say it would be wiser to invest less on the moon and more on earthly research and development should appreciate that the Congress wouldn't stand for it. The taxpayers are against waste.

# Cleaning Up the Cities

Within the past 15 months, urban renewal and public housing projects in over two dozen cities and towns have been killed or stalled. One of the methods has been to scrap a city's minimum housing code, which generally will find a dwelling uninhabitable if it lacks a toilet, hot running water or is in an advanced state of dilapidation. Without a housing code, a city cannot qualify for federal urban renewal money.

In April of this year a town meeting at Winthrop, Massachusetts (population 20,303), adopted a resolution opposing urban renewal, and in June Norwich, Connecticut (population 38,506), rejected a proposed building code, making the city ineligible for recertification under the renewal program. Currently, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is embroiled in another of a long series of town-and-gown struggles; a Birch-type outfit called The Minute Men of Cambridge is fighting every attempt to build up down-at-the-heels areas. In Dallas, "the establishment" (and it is not liberal) has taken umbrage at Mayor Earle Cabell's suggestion that sectors of that rich metropolis are not fit to live in.

In May the city council of Tucson, Arizona (population 212,892), voted 5-1 to end urban renewal and to instruct the city manager to disband the city's urban renewal department, though an official of the US Housing and Home Finance Agency says, "Tuscon has some of the worst Mexican-American slums I've ever seen." In the same month voters of Lincoln, Nebraska (population 128,521), turned down (9,000 to 19,000) a referendum to start an urban renewal project after a campaign in which opponents charged urban renewal would invite "illegal entry" and result in "socialism." This past January the city council of Spokane, Washington (population 181,608), was petitioned for either a referendum to repeal the city housing code or direct repeal by the council. The council responded with direct repeal, and the electorate in March seemed to put its stamp of approval on the action by rejecting a bond issue to finance urban renewal.

Lima, Ohio (population 51,037), rejected a housing code 2-1 after opponents claimed the code and urban renewal were "socialistic" and "Communistic." Coos Bay, Oregon (population 7,084), repealed that lumber town's housing code 119-1,057, as did the good burghers of Logansport, Indiana (population 21,106).

The story is much the same with only minor variations in communities as widely dispersed as Stockton, California; Marion, Indiana; Springfield, Oregon; Las Cruses, New Mexico; New Albany, Indiana; Kalamazoo, Michigan; and Des Moines, Iowa.

A Los Angeles pamphlet quotes the general manager of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce as saying, "the federal government is using urban renewal as a political manipulator to destroy local governments." To which Commissioner William L. Slayton of the Urban Renewal Administration points out that, "While financial assistance is provided through this agency for local urban renewal projects, every such undertaking is locally initiated, planned and carried out." Indeed, it is the essentially local character of urban renewal and public housing which has enabled their enemies to attack them so successfully.

# What Khrushchev Said

A firm and sensible policy on Berlin is made no easier by representing Khrushchev's views as more threatening than they are; they are threatening enough. He has said plainly and repeatedly, in public and private, that he intends to sign a peace treaty with East Germany, thus compelling the West to deal with the Ulbricht regime on questions of access. Furthermore, he has not disguised his hope that in the long run the West will weary of its "abnormal" commitment. He professes confidence that the West Berliners themselves will lose their nerve, that demoralization will spread and that finally West Berlin will collapse.

That is what could happen. But to say so is not the same as saying, as Joseph Alsop did from Bonn in his September 14 syndicated column, that the Soviet Premier "reportedly had the ugly gall to say to [Secretary of the Interior] Udall . . . that he was going to grab Berlin soon, and without having to fight for it."

Mr. Udall's classified account from Moscow of his conversation with Khrushchev does not, according to the best-informed sources, confirm Mr. Alsop's extravagant report. The Russian leader behaved less belligerently than was expected. Nothing was said about grabbing Berlin, soon or later. It would not have been unusual had Khrushchev predicted that the West would never go to war over Berlin. It *would* have been unusual, however, and worth more than a column from Bonn had he said that the Russians or their stooges would fight to sever Berlin from the West. Fortunately, no such statement was made.



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# New Hampshire and Georgia

Even if the 1962 elections do not increase the Democratic majority in Congress, they may strengthen the President's hand. Last week's primaries in New Hampshire and Georgia made it somewhat safer for Republicans and Southern Democrats so inclined to support parts of his program without reprisals.

The triumph of modern Republicanism in New Hampshire, narrow as it was, restores GOP leadership in that state to the eminence it had in the era of John Winant and Charles Tobey. Rep. Perkins Bass, who favors the Trade Expansion Act and other of Kennedy's foreign policies, defeated the ultra-conservative widow of the late Styles Bridges for the Senate nomination, and one-time Bridges aide Wesley Powell was dumped as Governor. The reactionary Manchester *Union Leader*, which Bass described as "against everything, including the passage of time" and whose editor once described Dean Acheson as "not much higher than Benedict Arnold," fought for Mrs. Bridges.

In Georgia, the trouncing former Gov. Marvin Griffin took in his attempted comeback may similarly embolden some liberal-leaning Southern Democrats. A super-segregationist, Griffin ran on a straight race platform. With "agitators," Griffin told one group in the campaign, "there ain't but one thing to do and that is to cut you a blackjack sapling and brain them, and nip 'em in the bud to begin."

Griffin's opponent, 37-year-old state Senator Carl Sanders of Augusta, would have won even if the Supreme Court decision on legislative reapportionment had not abolished the traditional "county unit system" which has given Georgia's rural areas a disproportionate voice for 54 years. Sanders appealed to those who, like himself, prefer "to keep their affairs within the framework of law and order." He waved a two-edged sword. To the country people he emphasized the graft of the "Griffin Years." To city moderates and Negroes, Sanders talked "law and order." Ninety-nine percent of the Atlanta Negro vote went to him.

# Free Lunch (Washington)

For over 40 years business firms have been forbidden to deduct from taxable income expenses incurred in lobbying. This long-standing public policy was reaffirmed by the Supreme Court in two 1959 decisions, after which the Internal Revenue Service made an effort to clarify and tighten its regulations on the subject. A counter-campaign was mounted by business groups, represented energetically in Congress by Rep. Hale Boggs, and their efforts have now paid off in a

## Footnotes *to the* Week

THE UNITED STATES will conduct "a few" further nuclear tests over Johnston Island in the next few weeks. Meanwhile test-ban negotiations remain stalled. Most Administration officials now acknowledge that recent refinements in seismographic and other detection techniques would permit the US to relax its conditions concerning on-site inspection and the degree of outside checking of Soviet-manned national detection stations. Resistance to modification of the US position at Geneva does not come mainly from the Pentagon, as in past years, but from Democratic managers. At the August 1 intra-Administration meeting which set the terms of the current US proposals, Vice President Lyndon Johnson said Congress would not tolerate changes at the present time. —— WHITE HOUSE *reconsideration of the projected Kennedy visit to Brazil on November 12 has been provoked by political uncertainty following the general strike last week. The election of a new Brazilian Congress October 7 will be followed by a national plebiscite January 6 on President Goulart's bid for broadened executive powers. Brazil is expected to rival Fidel Castro as the front-page Latin American story* —— THE PRESIDENT'S September 11 visit to the spacecraft center in Houston was the occasion for a journalistic review of the "religious issue" in that heavily Protestant city. Exactly two years before, Kennedy, as a Presidential candidate, had subjected himself to inquisition by a doubting Ministerial Association. When *New York Times* correspondent Homer Bigart asked members of the same group how they now felt about a Catholic in the White House, even conservative Baptist leaders conceded that the President has maintained "absolute separation of Church and State." —— SOVIET AGRICULTURE *is more of a worry than ever in Moscow. The latest victim in the bureaucratic upheaval discussed in Colette Blackmoore's article this week (page 13) is the premier of Kazakhstan, S.D. Daulenov, who has been dismissed for mismanagement of equipment in his key grain-growing belt. The northern Kazakh virgin lands are scheduled to provide 20 percent of the 1962 Soviet grain quota* —— BIG STEEL'S escape from the onus of a contempt citation for defying Kefauver Committee inquiries about production costs sets a precedent likely to hamstring future Congressional efforts to pin down industry cost data. Proponents of more vigorous antitrust inquiries fear that the "invasion of privacy" justification given by the companies – and accepted by the Senate Judiciary Committee – will inevitably be employed to deter a variety of projected investigations by legislative committees.



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*"Thanks, sport – and here's a little something for you."*

little-noticed amendment to the tax revision legislation just enacted. Henceforth, expenses for appearances before Congressional committees, visits to individual Congressmen and other legislative contacts can be deducted as a business expense.

This does not go as far as some of its advocates had hoped, for they had sought also to make indirect lobbying – the propagandizing of voters so as to create a desired "climate of opinion" – deductible. Even so, it is bad law and was properly opposed (though not hard) by the Administration. It gives business firms a political advantage, subsidizing "the increasing number of full-time Washington representatives of national business corporations assigned," as the president of the Brookings Institution has observed, "to deal with the varied relations of their companies with government."

This development makes more essential than ever legislation to permit individuals to deduct from their taxes some reasonable sum contributed to a political party or its candidates. Since President Kennedy has praised the recommendation along these lines made some months back by a Presidential Commission headed by political scientist Alexander Heard, it is reasonable to hope he will include such a proposal in next year's planned tax reform bill. Its adoption would help counter the power of big money in politics.

# New Radiation Belt

The belt of radiation created by the high-altitude US nuclear test last July may not represent a catastrophe of sufficient magnitude to fulfill the most pessimistic estimates of the scientists who opposed the blast, but the radiation is much more intense and promises to persist much longer than was estimated by the scientists who defended the test, including physicist James A. Van Allen. Dr. Van Allen, who is generally credited with the discovery of the giant belt of natural radiation that encircles the earth, surprised many of his scientific colleagues when he testified before Congress last February that "there is no rational objection to very high altitude bursts." The statement escaped comment in the press, and public apathy probably contributed to the decision to go ahead with high-altitude tests.

When the decision was announced, geophysicists and astronomers in the US and abroad protested that any potential modification of the earth's environment on such a scale should be carried out only after careful deliberation by the scientists of all nations. Dr. Van Allen retorted that the proposed tests were "a splendid experiment," and ventured hopelessly far out on a limb by predicting that any radiation created by the blasts would quickly disappear.

The limb broke early this month. In an official statement the AEC and the Department of Defense conceded that the radiation belt created by the blast was much stronger than they had predicted, and would last much longer – perhaps for years. Moreover, the belt had interfered with radio astronomy and had completely knocked out communications from three satellites: the US navigation satellites Transit IV-B and Traac, as well as Ariel, a British satellite launched by the US.

The wording of the statement showed traces of press agentry. Dr. Van Allen had already admitted that the new belt would increase the potential danger for manned space flights, but the statement dodged the issue by claiming that the belt does not constitute a danger to manned orbital flight because it begins at an altitude of 200 miles – a few miles beyond the apogees of US and Soviet manned satellites. The announcement did not mention that both US and Soviet astronauts will have to travel through the belt to reach the moon and the planets, although the President alluded to this in his press conference on September 13, when he claimed that lunar flights "will not be further endangered" by the three additional US high-altitude nuclear tests.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which did not have sufficient warning to launch a satellite to monitor the July test, is rushing the completion of a "post-hoc" satellite to study the new radiation belt, which some scientists outside the government



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have slyly named "The Little Van Allen Belt."

After the gross miscalculation about the first test, would it not have been prudent to postpone further high-altitude blasts until the satellite data provides some firm scientific basis for estimating the possible consequences of further shots? Instead, the Administration plans to fire three more "shots in the dark" at altitudes of about 20, 50 and 80 miles, and its scientific advisers are again reassuring the world that the resultant high-energy radiation will be quickly dissipated in the atmosphere.

Even if one accepts the questionable and undocumented argument that the new tests are necessary to national security, there remains a serious question about whether the government is justified in carrying them out before the results of the earlier high-altitude tests are thoroughly studied.

# Without Passport

Sometime this month or next William Worthy, foreign correspondent for the Baltimore *Afro-American*, will go down to Miami to be sentenced following his conviction for "willfully and knowingly enter[ing] the United States without having a valid passport." Worthy, whose passport was taken away following an unauthorized trip to Communist China in 1957, spent 11 weeks in Cuba last fall. On October 10, 1961, he flew to Miami from Havana, and was passed through customs after showing a copy of his birth certificate. On April 24, 1962, six and a half months later, he was indicted under section 1185(b) of the McCarran Immigration Act, and on August 8 he was convicted after a five-hour trial. He can be fined up to $5,000 and/or sentenced to prison for as long as five years. He is the first person indicted under this section of the law.

Ever since January, 1961, when the Eisenhower Administration broke relations with Cuba, special State Department permission has been required to go there. But as the FBI is aware, dozens and perhaps hundreds of Americans have been going without permission, by way of Mexico, Canada and Jamaica. Furthermore, Worthy is not theoretically being prosecuted for having gone to Cuba, but for having returned, and as Worthy's attorney argued in Miami, one cannot be penalized for returning home.

Worthy has been getting into trouble of this kind on four continents for a number of years. In 1955 he remained in the USSR for five months on a two-month Soviet visa; US Ambassador Charles Bohlen told him, half jokingly: "I'll write a good stiff note of protest, Bill, when they lock you up in Lubiyanka Prison." In 1956 Worthy entered the Union of South Africa without a visa and risked a jail sentence for his shortwave broadcasts from Pretoria over the CBS network. Later that year he spent 41 days in Communist China without US permission; his stories in the *Afro-American*, the *New York Post* and on CBS were the last reports out of that country by an accredited American correspondent. On his return, Secretary Dulles first threatened him with fines and imprisonment (under the 1917 Trading With the Enemy Act), then offered to renew his passports if he would sign an oath promising not to return to China. Worthy refused to take what he called a "degrading, humiliating and repressive oath" and was thereupon denied a new passport. He appealed the denial, but in 1959 the Supreme Court refused to reverse a lower decision that the President could forbid travel which might endanger the national interest.

While that passport case was in the courts, Worthy was awarded some of the highest honors in his profession. In 1956-57 he held a Nieman fellowship at Harvard, and in 1959 and 1960 was given Ford Foundation grants in African studies; he also won Freedom of Information Awards from the Boston Press Club and the Capital Press Club. With most of the world barred to him since 1957, he wrote about the state of American journalism, race relations in the South and the revolution in Cuba (no passport was then required); he helped make an excellent CBS documentary on anti-US feeling in Latin America, *Yankee No!*

Passportless, Worthy took passage last year on a ship bound for Mexico, got off in Havana instead, and sent back a series of articles. He was critical of some aspects of the Castro regime, but was impressed by its achievements in education and housing and by its campaign against racial discrimination. On his return, Dade County, Florida, authorities detained him for six hours, searched his luggage, went through his papers and questioned him closely (Did he believe in God? Did he belong to the Black Muslims? Did he know the Miami president of the NAACP?). They saw no grounds on which to arrest him, however, and admitted him to the country. Six months later he was arrested and indicted.

# Nasserism Under Fire

Syria and Egypt, marriage partners until Syria's breakaway last September, are locked in a struggle which has shaken President Nasser's authority throughout the Arab world. The last few weeks have seen an assault on his positions as dangerous as any he has had to face since Suez. Egypt's long supremacy in Arab affairs is threatened and Nasserism – the most powerful political force in the Middle East since 1955 – is fighting a rearguard action.

This trend has been highlighted by Egypt's with-



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drawal from the Arab League Council, following a Syrian attempt to indict her for intervention in her internal affairs, and by the defection to Syria of the Egyptian military attaché in Beirut – a dramatic development which has brought home to Arab opinion that "choosing freedom" now means something other than going to Cairo.

For Nasser these are self-inflicted wounds. Syria's revolt a year ago marked the collapse of his dream of uniting Arab Asia, but he might have regained the initiative had he persisted in his early decision to acquiesce gracefully in the destruction of the Union.

He is not, however, a man to take easily to a secondary role. Control of Syria was the key to his claim to Arab leadership and to international stature; he could not allow it to slip permanently from his grasp. But all his efforts, ranging from a fierce and unflagging radio war on Syria's leaders to terrorism, bomb attacks and attempted *coups d'etat*, have only served to stiffen the Syrians' will to independence. They are now vigorously fighting back and, beating the Egyptians at their own propaganda game, have set themselves to destroy the Nasser legend in Syria and carry the war on to his home ground. An Egyptian "National Liberation Committee" has been set up in the Syrian capital of Damascus and plans are afoot for the formation of an Egyptian government-in-exile.

These developments follow naturally from President Nasser's persistent refusal to recognize Syria's sovereignty – Egyptian spokesmen still refer to it as the UAR's northern province – and, in general, from his contempt for present Arab political boundaries and rulers. He is violently at odds not only with Syria but with the rulers of Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Yemen, Tunisia, etc.

Indeed, it has long been evident that his desire for uncontested primacy in the Middle East was in direct conflict with the formula of inter-Arab relations provided by the Arab League, which is no more than a forum of sovereign Arab states pledged to the principle of non-interference in each other's affairs.

However, Nasser's decision to withdraw his delegation from the Arab League Council and to fly a kite for a new League of Arab Peoples reflects his continued belief that, even though the Arab rulers are selfish enough not to give way to him, the Arab masses have no desire but to unite under his leadership. Boycotted by Egypt and also by Iraq – because of Arab opposition to her claim to Kuwait – the old League seems doomed. In the vacuum thus created other alliances -- such as the recent Saudi-Jordanian agreement to unite in the military, economic and cultural fields – are being forged.

Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the present Syrian-Egyptian duel is that it has not overspilled the boundaries of the Middle East: world peace is not endangered by Arab squabbles. But the threat lies in the Great Powers being tempted to step in. Washington is already rather heavily committed to Nasser's regime, and if this support becomes too obtrusive the Syrians may be tempted to look to Russia for backing. Already the Communists in Syria have joined noisily in the anti-Nasser campaign and the Party will, no doubt, demand its reward in political recognition when the present crisis is over.

# Argentina in the Dumps

Where water twirls out of the faucets backwards, it is not surprising that labor unions espouse falangist ideology or that the military talk of running a five-year "democratic military dictatorship." Argentina, which was one of the world's richest countries a generation ago and should today be among the staunchest allies in the Alliance for Progress, has entered its thirty-third year of leadership crisis in fitting fashion – the political parties in shreds, a third of the electorate banished, the economy depressed and military officers suffering from messianic paranoia and fear for their hides should the Peronists return to power.

For the time being the "hard-line" leaders have forced President José Maria Guído to appoint their men to most of the important command positions. They want a period of military tutelage long enough to dry up both revolutionary leftist and Peronist currents. They propose a postponement of all elections, using force in the meantime to prevent strikes, rebuild a free enterprise economy and restrict the play of civil liberties to those persons and groups in substantial agreement with them.

But the "soft-line" military and their adherents in the two branches of the Radical Party argue that such repression won't work. They want no favors for Peronism but feel that something must be done to blunt labor protest. They would maintain a civilian government intimately connected with the military, hold elections as soon as possible without the formal participation of the Peronists, resurrect "responsible" political parties and return to parliamentary normalcy within a year or so.

The nubbin of it all is that the Argentine military may be able to stop other people, but it cannot impose its own policies. The military has neither the social consensus nor the technology to become truly totalitarian; it hasn't the brains to be effectively tutorial; it doesn't really know whether its enlisted men would obey orders very long should a social showdown come. Given the present disposition of Argentina's ruling factions, no political peace is in sight, no economic recuperation is possible.



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# You Name It

It may be, but I don't think it is mere cavilling to express the wish that the spenders in Washington would get a new record. The old one, labeled "Public Works," is cracked. Why not put on the turntable the one called "Public Services?"

The answer that it would instantly raise the cry of "socialism" is no answer because any governmental effort in support of common decency will raise that cry – witness the medicare bill. On the other hand, the policy of giving priority to Public Services over Public Works can be supported by some fairly impressive appeals to enlightened self-interest.

For instance, it is generally agreed that the unemployment rate, whether it is actually a little less than six percent or a little more than eight percent, is dangerously high and its reduction would benefit the whole economy. At the same time, it is admitted that any considerable addition to the productive labor force – productive of economic goods – would add to existing surpluses, which are already a problem. Automation threatens to add to those surpluses with a steadily diminishing labor force.

But there are activities socially and economically desirable, although they do not produce marketable commodities. For instance, simply restoring afternoon mail deliveries in residential districts would, they say, require the hiring of 30,000 additional letter-carriers. But for every letter-carrier hired, somebody else would get a job producing the things necessary for the mailman's subsistence. Hence the reduction of the pool of unemployment would amount to more than 30,000. No doubt part of the slack would be taken up by automatic machines, but even that would stimulate the economy.

This country could use to good advantage at least half a million additional school-teachers and as many persons giving intelligent, scientific care to lands withdrawn from agricultural production under our existing farm legislation. From the standpoint of the economy as a whole we could employ, profitably, every man and woman in the country mentally and temperamentally capable of holding a job. But the avenue of Public Works is at best a roundabout approach to the problem. The derided leaf-raking of depression days at least cut at the root of the trouble.

There are, of course, troglodytes who regard even the public-school system as essentially leaf-raking, but as for them, nothing can be done except run over them. The mentally competent majority could be brought to realize that social gains eventually result in economic gains; but that is not being sufficiently emphasized.

The somber truth is that we are all, including the most sophisticated, still in bondage to word-magic. "Give a dog a bad name and you might as well hang him," even yet contains more than a modicum of truth. If a program of more letter-carriers, more school-teachers and more foresters would have the immediate effect of serving the convenience of the public and solving the unemployment problem, and eventually would add appreciably to the economic wealth of the country, why reject such a program because it is called, and in fact may be, socialistic?

Joseph Wood Krutch has suggested that "expanding economy" is another bit of abracadabra. He asks why expansion should be regarded as *per se* healthy. He asks if there may not be a point at which a constantly expanding economy may become a bloated economy. Americans with memories so long that they go back to 1929 will not dismiss the question as meaningless.

In the present state of public opinion it is probable that such suggestions are no more than whistling against the hurricane. Nevertheless, they ought to be raised, because they do have, in the intellectual realm, an effect analogous to that, in the biological realm, of the apomorphine that doctors use, or once used to sober up a case of the heebie-jeebies. If the typical American is in danger of sinking into the condition that Disraeli ascribed to Gladstone: "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," then it is evident that he needs a shot of something fairly powerful.

The ideal treatment, admittedly, is a massive dose of common sense, but that is an elixir hard to come by since no apothecary is quite sure of its components. Failing the ideal, however, something may be done by switching the words of the incantation currently favored by the word-magicians; as, for example, changing "Public Works" into "Public Services." Mere verbiage, to be sure, but it is precisely in the jungle of verbiage that we seem likely to lose sight of our goal. If Iraq had been substituted, even the old lady at the experience meeting might have paused before she rose to proclaim that "I thank God daily for that blessed word Mesopotamia."



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THE MULTI-RACIAL EXPERIMENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA IS FINISHED

# Welensky's Last Stand

*Zomba, Nyasaland*

The white hand is losing its grip on British Central Africa. For nine years Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky and other leaders of the dominant United Federal Party (UFP) have, by occasional concessions, constant threats and military intervention, kept the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland intact. But Her Majesty's Government, still the ultimate authority, now insists upon a radical reconstitution of the Federation in accord with African demands. Arrangements for Nyasaland's independence outside the Federation will be made in November. In October Northern Rhodesia is expected to take its first step toward majority rule.

Welensky's party continues to claim that black nationalism is no substitute for a slow progression toward multi-racial rule in Central Africa, having due regard for the need to train a "backward" people to take their "place" in the modern world. Earlier this month, however, Welensky's only African official stunned Welensky's party by resigning his well-paid ministerial post and his membership. In cutting loose, Jaspar Savanhu, a thin, gentle man who had been Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Home Affairs since 1959, wrote Welensky: "I have finally reached the decision that your government, despite strong representation by the African party members and other quarters, has failed or has no intention of fully implementing the policy of partnership, and I feel it would serve no useful purpose for me to continue to be a member of your government." He explained that only nine Africans had ever been given clerical, administrative, or executive positions in the Federal Civil Service. "As matters stand today I feel that my presence among an all-white Civil Service is only tolerated and I feel lonely, a piece of window dressing and completely frustrated."

In 1953 Sir Winston Churchill's government agreed to tie the African protectorates of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia to the self-governing white colony of Southern Rhodesia. It did so for economic reasons and in the belief that real "partnership" between black and white could be achieved honestly for the first time in Africa. British statesmen wanted to avoid both *apartheid* and the usurping of power by untrained black governments. But as the first Federal Prime Minister, Lord Malvern, candidly said, the partnership was one of "rider and horse." Now Savanhu has affirmed the denouement: the multi-racial experiment is "finished."

For Central Africa's 300,000 whites, most of whom live in Southern Rhodesia, the future is grim. The numerically unimportant tea planters of Nyasaland have already come to terms with Dr. Kamuzu Banda's ascendant Malawi Congress Party. The reforms which Dr. Banda promises will not prevent the peaceful development of a non-racial, African-directed society here. He wants white civil servants, managers, and capital to remain. And already, after only a year in office, the Malawi Party has impressed senior colonial officials and the people of Nyasaland with its capability and its careful planning for the future.

Northern Rhodesia's 70,000 whites are also resigning themselves to the prospects of African government. Although the UFP and other white parties intend to contest the October election against Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party and Harry Nkumbula's African National Congress, their campaign has been listless. There has been no white rebellion, only a realization that it would be wise to accept local nationalism. Both Kaunda and Nkumbula will run a number of white candidates; both have assured white miners, civil servants and businessmen that they will be needed for a long time to come – but on African terms. Provided they choose to work loyally with and for Africans, there is no reason why whites in both protectorates should not retain their fairly comfortable economic and social positions for a decade or more.

Southern Rhodesia remains the white stronghold. Its leaders are prepared to remove some of the discriminatory pinpricks which have bulked so large in the past, they are prepared to accord a measure of parliamentary participation to Africans, but they are unwilling to grant the political equality to which men like Savanhu aspire. Since 1890, when the first pioneers came overland from South Africa, whites have claimed priority in Southern Rhodesia. They conquered the Ndebele and Shona peoples, achieved self-government in 1923 and built the impressively modern cities of Bulawayo and Salisbury. They carved out prosperous farms and built sprawling homes on the sub-tropical plateaus of Central Africa. Many know no other life; they have no homes in Britain and no interest in starting anew elsewhere. Their government is thus committed to repress any African attempts to subvert white authority, and it has a powerful army and air force with which to contain any open violence. Africans, equally determined, but far less well-organized, look to Algeria and gird themselves for a showdown.

Robert I. Rotberg



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# On Dealing with Franco

## *Louis J. Halle Replies to Salvador de Madariaga*

Salvador de Madariaga concludes his "Appeal to America" (NR, August 27) with the declaration that "it is indispensable: (1) to eliminate the irresponsible dictator [of Spain] and bring in a responsible system; (2) to effect the change smoothly, and without violence; (3) to carry out this plan *soon*."

The implication that the carrying out of this "plan" falls within the competence and responsibility of the US Government invites certain observations.

Let me begin by setting forth a dilemma that has confronted the United States for a generation in its relations with those disreputable governments that have been more the rule than the exception in Latin America. The dilemma has arisen out of a conflict between two principles which the liberal community, in our own country as elsewhere, has simultaneously espoused. One is the principle of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of weaker states. The other is the principle of refusing to accept the existence of dictatorships. When Washington has intervened in the domestic politics of a small Latin American state, supporting the opposition against its government, it has been accused of violating the sovereign equality and independence of states. When it has abstained from such intervention it has been denounced for tolerating dictatorship. Both of the principles involved here have their merits; but the fact is that neither can be realized except at the sacrifice of the other.

The principle of non-intervention appears to have been losing support since the War, as the interdependence of all countries, their inextricable involvement in one another's affairs, has become increasingly vivid. I rather think that this represents a long-term evolution to be welcomed; but it is with the present that we have to deal. Consequently, we must ask what the relevance of the principle of non-intervention is to the world as it is today.

In the world as it is today, the government of a country is the responsibility of the people in that country. (Mr. de Madariaga acknowledges that the state of affairs in Spain "is fundamentally the fault of the Spanish people themselves.") If a dictatorship is to be ousted from power, and another kind of government put in its place, the prime agent in accomplishing the change must be the population that lives under it. It follows that the propriety of placing the responsibility on foreign governments is doubtful except in extraordinary cases. (Such a case would justify the East Germans in holding Moscow responsible for the regime under which they suffer.)

The foreign government lacks not only legal jurisdiction but competence as well. It cannot have the knowledge and sensitivity to judge what kind of government is best for people of a culture different from what it represents. To be truly native, a government must be native-bred.

I am equally doubtful of the competence of any government, our own included, to apply the moral test and grade other governments accordingly. The notion that there are only two kinds of government in the world, the good and the wicked, is illusory. All governments are bad by the accepted standards of individual behavior; all governments are essentially conspiracies; all, as Thomas Paine put it, are the products of original sin (figuratively if not literally). They are necessary evils, and the degree of their evil varies from easily tolerable to intolerable. It would not be easy to know where the line should be drawn between acceptable and unacceptable, and I doubt that any government is capable of justly discriminating.

Under the circumstances, the rule in international affairs has been to accept the existence of a foreign government, whether one approves of it or not, where it appears to be accepted by the people under it (who have the primary responsibility). Mr. de Madariaga points out that, before entering into relations of military partnership with the present Government of Spain, "the US, for all its democratic principles, made no effort to determine whether [that Government's] decisions were supported by the people." But Washington cannot conduct tests in the jurisdiction of other governments to determine whether their decisions have the "support" of the people. The best it can do is to judge general acceptance, and this only by the absence of popular rebellion on any significant scale. The overwhelming majority of the Spanish people may abhor their present government (I cannot tell whether they do), but they accept it in submitting to its authority. Washington can hardly refuse to accept what they themselves accept.

Finally, there is the tacit assumption that by overthrowing bad government one gets good government. Unfortunately, experience does not bear this out. The hard saying that every people gets the government it



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deserves is not without some truth. In many backward countries, where bad government is an expression of social underdevelopment, good government by our own standards remains an impossibility for the present. This means that, even if Washington should bring about the fall of a wicked government in such a country, it would simply find itself confronted by another similar government in its successor. Just as freedom cannot be imposed on a foreign population from outside, so liberal government cannot be imposed. Such government must be native-made, which means that the native skill to make it must be available.

Spain, with her ancient culture, is not in the class with the more primitive countries of Latin America. But her cultural tradition has not been liberal, and one may doubt whether it would support a liberal government. In any case, this would be a test for the Spanish people themselves to make.

It is only in his conclusion that Mr. de Madariaga appears to call upon Washington "to eliminate the irresponsible dictator and bring in a responsible system." For the most part, what he is asking is that it refrain from intimate and cooperative relations with the Spanish Government. This seems to me a tenable position in principle, but one that circumstances in the world as it is today may make impracticable.

I am not referring primarily, here, to the exigencies of the Cold War (which, in Mr. de Madariaga's argument, would be on the side of abstaining from association with Franco). It is not as if the present Spanish Government were exceptional in the world. The fact is that it is far more representative than our own of the regimes that govern in the hundred-and-some sovereign states of today's international community. The vast majority of those regimes are tyrannical and irresponsible, many more brutally so than that in Spain. Consequently, a decision by the United States not to associate itself with any such regime would almost surely require a return to isolationism – perhaps to an isolationism more complete than the old Hemispheric isolationism, since it would involve detachment from Latin America. We could certainly not have any inter-American system, any Organization of American States, if we practiced such abstention. Mr. de Madariaga is looking only at his own country; but he knows as well as anyone how far his own country is from being unique.

At this point the argument brings us back to the worldwide interdependence of nations. The United States is inextricably bound by a network of ties to virtually every country in the world. Its economy is part of a system of international exchange; its military defense is part of an international defense-system; its airlines serve the airports of the world; its citizens are scattered around the globe. This involves it in necessary daily dealings with all the world's governments (only the qualification "daily" would not apply in the case of Peking and, perhaps, three or four other governments). These dealings cannot, for the most part, be suspended. Shortly after the War, when we refused on moral grounds to recognize the Perón Government in Argentina and the Somoza Government in Nicaragua, we continued daily relations with those governments on a clandestine and unofficial basis, because there really was no alternative to the practice of such hypocrisy; and we ended by recognizing them at last. We found out, as we have so many times (most lately in Peru), that even in Latin America, let alone across the Pacific, governments do not fall simply because we refuse to accept them.

Mr. de Madariaga appeals to moral principle, but he does so on grounds of practical politics. Washington's acceptance of the Spanish Government as a partner, he says, has provoked the Spanish people to "growing resentment and contempt for the United States," which in turn impell them toward Communism. The recent history of Cuba is offered as an example by which we should be warned.

This would have more point, it seems to me, if a large portion of the Spanish people were in active rebellion against Franco as a large portion of the Cuban people were in active rebellion against Batista. In the absence of any such rebellion, however, what Mr. de Madariaga is telling us is simply that we are antagonizing the Spanish people by accepting the legitimacy of a government that they are themselves accepting.

In our dealings with Spain, as normally in our dealings with every other country in the world, we are not offered a choice of governments with which to deal. If such a choice were to be offered, it would have to be by the active initiative of the Spanish people.

This is not to say that Mr. de Madariaga may not be right in his claim that Washington's association with Franco's Madrid arouses resentment among the Spanish people and impells some of them in the direction of Communism. (Again, although I have visited Spain in recent years, I simply have no adequate basis for judgment.) The penalty of great power is to be everyone's scapegoat. We see this among the Latin Americans, so many of whom look to Washington, rather than to themselves or their own governments, for the alleviation of their lot, and blame Washington if their lot is unhappy.

Mr. de Madariaga's citation of Cuba as an example, however, calls for a particular comment. Castro would surely have turned against the United States as violently as he did even if Washington had not maintained friendly relations with Batista. He would have done so simply because his revolution could not have been made without arousing the Cuban people by the spec-



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ter of a ravening imperialistic monster from whom he was saving them. For that reason (and surely not because of Ambassador Smith's cordial relations with Batista) he has with the utmost abandon, from the beginning, fanned the flames of hatred toward the United States. In the same fashion, President Sukarno of Indonesia has promoted his dispute with the Netherlands over West Irian simply as a means of dealing with his domestic opponents and limiting the freedom of the people under his rule – promoting the dispute even after the Dutch have agreed to his demands. This kind of thing represents the most elementary device in the whole armory of demagogy. It would hardly be abjured by any successor government in Madrid that was so inclined simply because Washington had maintained bad relations with Franco and been rude to him.

I suspect, moreover, that being rude to Franco would have the opposite of the effect intended. The spirit of nationalism almost invariably moves people to side with their own governors in any quarrel with a foreign government. Colonel Juan D. Perón was far from having general acceptance among the Argentine people at the end of the War; but when the United States began to campaign against him they rallied to his side and gave him a resounding victory in the elections of February 28, 1947. *The New York Times* reported from Buenos Aires that Washington's opposition had "virtually assured Señor Perón's election."

To conclude – it is not the business of the United States to select the government of the Spanish people; and it is not its business to reject the government that they themselves accept, however unhappily. In its relations with Spain it has to deal with the one constituted Government of Spain because there is no other government for it to deal with. This may have evil consequences, as any alternative course of action might have consequences equally evil or more so. With a view to these considerations, and to our own distaste for the Spanish form of government, it would be well for us to make a point of avoiding gratuitous cordiality in such relations. We would find, however, that we could not effectively deal with the matters involved in our myriad necessary relations with Spain while following a policy of publicly insulting her officials. To my mind, such a policy would be equally foolish in either Moscow or Madrid. Being courteous to fools and scoundrels is a universal necessity of politics. Being courteous to one's ideological opponents is often a necessity of international politics. Otherwise this inflammable world might quickly burn up.

# Billie Sol Esteschvich

*by Colette Blackmoore*

Many American liberals have expressed concern over the return of the death penalty in the Soviet Union for the punishment of embezzlement, currency speculation and bribery. Not long ago, a petition urging the Soviet leadership to reconsider this practice bore an impressive list of distinguished names. Whether this evidence of adverse world reaction will have an effect upon Khrushchev remains to be seen, but in any case it is useful for us to cast a reflective look at the pressures which have led the Soviet regime to take this drastic step. There are some fascinating insights to be gained into the kinds of problems which the Soviet leadership is now grappling with in the administration of its large and cumbersome economy.

Abolished altogether in 1947, the death penalty was reintroduced in 1950 for espionage, treason and sabotage, and was extended in 1954 to include murder. Then suddenly, in May of last year, came the inclusion of economic crimes, thus legalizing a practice last seen in 1952-53 when death sentences were passed by military tribunals for economic crimes under the heading, "counter-revolutionary wrecking." In the past 15 months, it has become evident to readers of the Soviet press that the reinvocation of capital punishment is only the most extreme aspect of a broad Soviet drive to stamp out apparently widespread crime, particularly economic offenses which threaten the regime's all-out drive to raise economic, particularly farm, productivity.

In passing, there is perhaps a touch of irony in recalling two charges of economic offenses which have recently been prominent in this country: the cases of Edward Gilbert, who fled to Brazil after the collapse of his financial manipulations, and of Billie Sol Estes, whose case brought to light the many problems we

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also face in the administration of a sprawling and decentralized agricultural program. Perhaps there are some problems of administration which all large-scale societies must grapple with, but in the case of the Soviet Union, the pressure of world politics, domestic politics and ideology have compounded the already complex task of bringing the farms, the factories, and the government into some form of peaceful coexistence.

### *"Aim Higher Than You Can Achieve"*

When Khrushchev said in 1957 that the Soviet Union would catch up with American meat and milk production within a few years, Western agricultural experts did not think this could be done. Perhaps privately Khrushchev did not either. Given the very limited funds he had to invest in agriculture, the shortage of agricultural technicians on the farms, the indifference of the peasants, and the proved weaknesses of local administration, Khrushchev may have reasoned that a crash campaign based on the philosophy "aim higher than you can achieve" was the only way of getting results quickly. He counted heavily on his own ability to inspire and goad people into doing what they would not otherwise want or know how to do.

Accordingly, all up and down the hierarchy officials pledged to grow and deliver to the state far more in 1959 than they had in 1958. What happened next is best illustrated by the curious case of Ryazan province, which was to become a shattering experience for the entire Soviet hierarchy, right up to Khrushchev himself, and which goes a long way toward explaining why the Soviet leadership felt it necessary to take extreme measures. In the midst of Khrushchev's exhortations, this province of the Russian Republic, which had been lagging in its agricultural deliveries for years, suddenly astounded everyone by promising almost to quadruple its meat output and to triple its meat deliveries within one year. How could they possibly fulfill such a quota? As Khrushchev later reported it, some people immediately doubted out loud that Ryazan could make good on its pledges and wondered whether it was wise for Ryazan's party leader, Larionov, to aim so high. Khrushchev said he replied to them, "I know Comrade Larionov as a serious, thoughtful person. He would never take the step of assuming an unrealistic pledge, show off and then tomorrow go under."

At the end of the year, the Communist Party's Central Committee assembled to review the results of the crash campaign. Khrushchev triumphantly declared: "The skeptics were proved wrong." Ryazan had sold three times as much meat to the state as in 1958 and naturally, Khrushchev said, "We are now all watching Ryazan because it has roused everyone, so to speak." He congratulated Larionov, who was also a member of the Central Committee, and Ryazan's leading government official, Bobkov, for "setting a remarkable example" and said he had recommended them for high awards. Thanks in part to Ryazan, the country as a whole had turned in a remarkably good report for 1959, with meat output up 32 percent and milk up 15 percent. Khrushchev pronounced the successes "brilliant" and showed his pleasure volubly.

In the months that followed, Khrushchev went out of his way to praise Larionov on numerous occasions, both appropriate and inappropriate. Larionov was clearly the fair-haired boy of that winter. Then the first results of the 1960 harvest began to come in and it appeared that Ryazan was slipping. It dropped to second place and soon tumbled way down on the agricultural indices. On September 24, 1960, while Khrushchev was at the United Nations in New York, the Soviet press announced Larionov's death in a way which suggested that Larionov had committed suicide.

At the next plenum on agriculture four months later, Khrushchev reported that one-third of Ryazan's meat deliveries for 1959 had turned out to be a sheer figment of somebody's imagination. "Unfortunately," he explained, "serious distortions were disclosed in Ryazan province. Some collective and state farms, seeking at any cost to fulfill a third plan [*i.e.* to triple output], reduced the number of livestock and undermined their possibilities for the succeeding year. There were cases of padded figures, of the purchase of livestock from other provinces which was then listed as raised by the collective and state farms. The persons guilty of this received deserved punishment."

No names were mentioned. But one of the people Khrushchev had in mind was Bobkov, who was sent to direct a very large and poor state farm in a remote part of Ryazan. Early this year an energetic woman correspondent for the *Literary Gazette* journeyed through mud and slush to see how Bobkov was getting along. She reported that Bobkov told her that when he first came to the farm and saw how bad the situation was there, he said to his wife, "Good heavens, Nina, what a blessing for the people that the party exposed our mistakes and distortions. If we had continued to direct agriculture the way we did for a few more years, what would have become of the collective and state farms? What would have become of the people?"

It would have been interesting to compare the Ryazan leadership's version of the story with Khrushchev's indictment, in order to get the full story of what really happened in Ryazan. But since we shall never read Bobkov uncensored or hear from Larionov, we can only try to piece together the situation in which these two men found themselves in 1958-59.

It seems evident that Larionov must have been under extreme pressure from Khrushchev or he would not



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have undertaken such a huge jump in production in one year. Later Khrushchev indirectly denied that he had forced the high pledge on Ryazan, but he may well have told Larionov that if Ryazan did not make a brilliant showing in 1959, it would get a new first secretary.

Larionov's record did not augur well for the future. He had reached the top of the party hierarchy under Stalin, who made him chief of Ryazan in 1948 and brought him into the Central Committee in 1952. By 1958 Larionov was already 51 years old, well entrenched in Ryazan and more experienced in Stalinist than in Khrushchevian techniques of leadership. One could easily have predicted that Larionov was not the one to initiate exciting new trends in Soviet agricultural management or to inspire the Ryazaners to herculean sacrifices. Instead, faced with an ultimatum from Khrushchev, he was accustomed to apply pressure in time-tested ways on the district officials who in turn would make extraordinary demands on the farms.

The district secretaries would call meetings of the district farm directors, distribute quotas, deliver pep talks, and order the directors to report to them periodically on the progress of production. But since few if any of them had professional training in agriculture, much less in the highly specialized branch of animal husbandry, they were in no position to tell the farmers how to go about raising three to four times more cows, pigs and sheep in one year. If things went badly on the farms, they could only threaten, cajole, persuade. And they could cast about for some way out of the impasse.

In Ryazan, according to the *Literary Gazette*, there were many sensible people opposed to the high pledges adopted by Larionov. They knew that in order to triple meat output they would have to slaughter practically their entire livestock, thereby crippling production for the next year. Unwilling to do this, one intelligent district secretary agreed with his farm directors to produce only as much meat as the farm economies could sensibly support and to invent the rest of the quota by inflating statistics at delivery time. While quietly applauding this bit of conspiracy, the *Gazette* correspondent asked this secretary whether instead of deceiving the party he could not have fought openly against what he regarded as a bad policy. She reported that he looked at her as if she were a "naïve infant" and replied, "What do you think! They will call you an unbeliever, a whimperer, an ignoramus who does not understand the high task."

In other areas district party leaders were less independent-minded and let the farm directors take their own initiative in deceiving the party. How this worked came to light in another recent case, this time in Uzbekistan. Sheep raising was badly organized there; thousands of animals died during the winter for lack of food, and many were simply stolen from the collective

*"That's all there is, Comrade."*

herds by the peasants. So when delivery time came a farm director went to the head of the local slaughter house, one Rauf Burkhanov, and gave him 100,000 old rubles ($10,000 at the present exchange rate) in exchange for false receipts confirming that the farm had delivered its quota of meat. Other farm directors followed his example. Soon the district procurator investigated, but instead of ordering Burkhanov to court, accepted a 5,000 ruble ($500) bribe to keep quiet. With the procurator's protection, Burkhanov expanded his operations; between 1957-60 he took in some three million rubles, including more than a million in profit. He developed a private herd of 400 sheep; built seven houses for himself, his numerous relatives and his mistress; bought two automobiles and a host of other consumer goods. When the local party secretary found out about Burkhanov's manipulations, he encouraged them because the alternative of exposing Burkhanov would have revealed what a sad state the district farms were in and how weak had been his own leadership. To fulfill the district's plan in other foods, he bought up one-half million eggs and more than 33 tons of butter in the state stores which he passed off as coming directly from the farms.

The Soviet press indicates that this kind of manipula-



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tion, accompanied by pilfering, embezzlement and bribery, goes on in every branch of Soviet agriculture – grains, fruits and vegetables, and valuable industrial crops, particularly cotton. The outstanding cotton scandal so far revealed involved the entire leadership of the republic of Tadzhikistan. The party first secretary of Tadzhikistan had announced with pride that in 1959 his republic had sold the state 25,000 tons more cotton than the plan called for. Fifteen months later, the party first secretary and the premier of Tadzhikistan, and a host of leading officials were dismissed from their posts and expelled from the party. The party's accusation said that for years they had grossly inflated cotton production, resorting regularly to such techniques as wetting the cotton before weighing it. Moreover, they were charged with violating "socialist legality" by persecuting the people who had first tried to expose them.

### *The Hazards of Centralization*

Agriculture, by its nature a dispersed activity, has posed persistent control problems for the Soviet leadership which seeks to centralize everything it can. It still has not found a satisfactory way of regulating the cumbersome network which purchases, distributes and sells agricultural products and in which millions of people are employed. The place where many economic crimes begin is in the state reception centers where the farms deliver their produce in exchange for rubles. Too few government inspectors are on hand to make sure that goods are accurately weighed and graded for quality – with the result that double-edged cheating sometimes robs both the farmer and the state. The Soviet press cites such examples as a downgrading of 600 tons of flax in one instance, which cost the farms almost 34,000 new rubles ($34,000). In another instance, butter procurement employees "for convenience sake" rounded out the regular price of 13.1 kopeks for each kilogram of milk, with the result that the odd tenths of a kopek added up to 10,000 new rubles (about $10,000) in private pockets at the end of the year.

In theory the various parts of the Soviet bureaucracy – party, local Soviets, militia, procuracy, etc. – keep watch on each other's actions and report irregularities that occur. In practice, this system of checks and balances often breaks down. This has been aggravated by the decentralization of five years ago. Since Khrushchev gave the republics more leeway in administering their own affairs, local group loyalties have been reinforced and officials from different branches of the system tend to close ranks to conceal their local shortcomings. The local procurators, who are supposed to be the watchdogs appointed from Moscow, seem nevertheless to remain highly vulnerable to local pressures – as we saw in the slaughter-house case where the bribed procurator covered up livestock manipulations. The Soviet press is full of such instances as the honest lumberman who complained to the local procurator of dishonest things going on at his lumberyard and was thrown in jail by the procurator who had a private deal with the boss. Or the vigilant young Komsomols who tried vainly to get the indifferent procurator to take action against restaurant employees whom they had observed taking food home every night.

There is another reason for the severity of the punishments meted out. Since members of the party hold the most responsible positions in the bureaucracy, it is they who are the worst offenders in economic crime. It is they who manipulate the statistics, who give and take most of the bribes, who illegally build large private houses on state time and with state resources, who either embezzle goods themselves or tolerate embezzlements by others, who encourage the black market in foreign currencies. If these offenses were primarily the work of common criminals and rank-and-file citizens, the Soviet leadership would be less concerned about economic crime and would encounter much less resistance in fighting it.

One of the most interesting aspects in the Soviet drive against economic offenses has been the aggressive role of the Soviet press in tracking down rumors of corruption and crime. Just as the *Pecos Independent* is responsible for bringing Billie Sol Estes to American public attention, many scandals in the Soviet Union have been exposed through the persistent efforts of Soviet correspondents. This is by no means a new role for the Soviet press; in the past it has also publicized corruption when the party wanted to do so. Now however, with Khrushchev determined to reduce crime and getting only half-hearted cooperation from local party and other officials, the Soviet leadership appears to be relying heavily on the press to arouse people to action.

In May of last year, capital punishment was extended to embezzlement, two months later to currency speculation, and just last February to bribery. Stiffer penalties were imposed for other offenses, including up to three years deprivation of freedom for manipulating statistics. It is not known outside the Soviet Union how many people have been sentenced to death in this period for economic crimes specifically. The number is probably well over a hundred. Almost every week the Soviet press reports new death sentences, and there may be others that go unreported.

The Soviet leadership is aware that these developments have aroused concern abroad. Recently a leading Soviet jurist, Boris Nikiforov, went so far as to write a letter to *The New York Times* in which he sought to justfy capital punishment for economic crimes. He insisted that death sentences for embezzling state property, bribery and currency speculation are passed "only



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under aggravating circumstances" and that the defendant may appeal a death sentence all the way up to the USSR Supreme Court. In fact, however, it is doubtful that the right of appeal in Soviet law has been a real safeguard against misuse of the death penalty. The process of appeal is difficult and there is no available evidence of any Soviet citizen having successfully appealed a death sentence for a major economic crime.

The developments of the past year have not been popular inside the Soviet Union either. Hints in the Soviet press suggest that some responsible people of liberal Soviet outlook have been urging Khrushchev to return to his earlier, more hopeful, policy toward crime, which stressed reeducation rather than repression. But as yet there has been no indication that the leadership is prepared to abandon the death penalty for economic offenses. In May the Soviet Union's chief procurator renewed the demand that embezzlers and bribe-takers should be prosecuted "without wavering and with the full severity of the law."

However effective the death penalty may be in deterring people from economic crime, the Soviet leaders realize that the basis for these crimes lies in the country's low standard of living and in the shortcomings of the present system of economic administration. There is not much they can do about living standards in the short run without revising their allocation of resources.

But in economic management the party has been experimenting vigorously, abolishing old institutions and inventing new ones, decentralizing and recentralizing. Khrushchev has now expressed thorough disenchantment with the ability of the district party organization to cope with agriculture, and has transferred their agricultural functions to new inter-regional boards appointed from above. This in turn has already bred a host of new problems. Confusion and dissension reigns on the local Soviet scene between the displaced district party secretaries and the new inter-regional agricultural boards. When the atmosphere clears, the local organizational forms may have changed greatly, but the persistent problem of getting food from the countryside to the growing cities of the Soviet Union will still be there.

# The New Conservatism

## *One of Its Founders Asks What Went Wrong*

### *by Peter Viereck*

When conservatism was a dirty word it seemed gallantly non-conformist to defend it against the big, smug liberal majority among one's fellow writers and professors. But in the mood emerging from the 1950's blunt speaking about conservatism's important defects no longer runs the danger of obscuring its still more important virtues.

Nationalist demagogy, whether McCarthy style or John Birch style, would never have become such a nuisance if liberal intellectuals and New Dealers had earlier made themselves the controlling spearhead of American anti-Communism with the same fervor they had showed when spear-heading anti-Fascism. Such, at least, was my thesis in *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*. It was a thesis valid for the postwar Yalta era with its illusions about Communism then held by so many Henry Wallace "progressives."

That era is long over. It is no longer in the interest of our two political camps to go on forever with such recriminations from the past. What is in the cooperative interest of both parties is to make sure that both are not replaced (after an intervening Kennedy era) by the "rejoicing third": some new movement of nationalist demagogy. Conservatives have no more excuse to refuse to cooperate with liberals and New Dealers against right-wing nationalist threats to our shared liberties than to refuse to cooperate against comparable left-wing threats.

Fortunately many Burkean new conservatives – Raymond English, Chad Walsh, Thomas Cook, Clinton Rossiter, J. A. Lukacs, August Heckscher, Will Herberg, Reinhold Niebuhr, and other distinguished names – have always been active foes of the thought-control nationalists. Every one of these men had a record of all-out, explicit anti-McCarthyism in the days when that

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demagogue still seemed a danger and when it still took courage, not opportunism, to attack him. The same cannot be said of other, often better-known "new conservatives." They failed the acid test of the McCarthy temptation of the 1950's in the same way that the fellow-traveler failed the acid test of the Communist temptation of the 1930's. Both temptations were not only tests of integrity; they were also tests of balance and good taste.

Even when avoiding the traps of right-wing radicalism, the new conservatism is partly guilty of causing the emotional deep-freeze that today makes so many young people ashamed of generous social impulses. Not only liberals but conservatives like Burke (reread his speeches against the slave trade), John Adams and John Quincy Adams (among America's first fighters for Negro rights) have fought racism as contradicting our traditional view of man.

### *Humanistic and Materialistic Conservatives*

The distinction between genuine conservatives and the rootless, counter-revolutionary doctrinaires who today call themselves conservatives is between two different groups in contemporary America: the humanistic value-conservers and the materialistic "Old Guard Republicans." The latter are 19th Century Manchester liberals with roots no deeper than the relatively recent post-Civil War "gilded age." As long ago as 1903 Winston Churchill denied them and their British counterparts the name of conservatives when he declared in Parliament: "The new fiscal policy [of high tariffs] means a change, not only in the historic English parties but in the conditions of our public life. The old Conservative Party with its religious convictions and constitutional principles will disappear and a new party will arise . . . like perhaps the Republican Party in the United States of America . . . rigid, materialist and secular, whose opinions will turn on tariffs and who will cause the lobbies to be crowded with the touts of protected industries."

The Churchill quotation applies well to Senator Goldwater today. This charming and personable orator is a *laissez-faire* Manchester liberal when humane social reforms are at stake. But, as in the Churchill quotation, he is ready to make an exception when protection of privileged industry is involved.

Continuity with our liberal past simply means that you cannot escape from history. This shared past is a reality, not a rightist nostalgia, and out of it grow the New Deal and the Kennedy program, as opposed to the mechanical abstractions of either a Karl Marx or an Adam Smith. So let new conservatives stop becoming what they accuse liberals of being: rootless doctrinaires.

A contributor to the *National Review* and editor of the conservative *Modern Age*, Russell Kirk published an article (*America*, February 17, 1962) disassociating his conservatism and that of Senator Goldwater from the John Birch Society. Or rather, on closer reading, from Robert Welch. Does such an article refute, as it aims to do, the sort of criticism I have been making? Is there a clear break with the thought-control tyranny that has attracted so many "new conservatives"? Or is there merely an expedient disentanglement from the disreputable? Let us see.

James Reston (*NY Times*, February 7, 1962) quotes Kirk as calling Welch a "likable, honest, courageous, energetic man." And the Kirk article itself condemns Welch chiefly because his regrettable "silliness" has "become the kiss of political death" for conservatives. This kind of condemnation sounds like something spoken more in sorrow than in anger. If the Birch Society were not the kiss of death but a bandwagon, would there be either cautious silence or open praise?

What forces us to ask these skeptical questions is this: the earlier silence of Kirk and most of his group about McCarthy and their own frequent adoption of McCarthyism-minus-McCarthy. If Kirk and his group had repudiated McCarthy in the early 1950's – McCarthy who was dangerous, McCarthy who could strike back at them more than any Bircher, McCarthy who unlike Welch had a mass-base – then their McCarthy-corrupted kind of new conservatism would not be discredited today.

Actually the Kirk-Goldwater "courageous attack" on the Birch Society centers on Welch, who may soon be replaced anyhow (for having attacked too many Republicans instead of Democrats) and not on the Society itself. In the same *America* article, Kirk takes particular pains to suggest that the Society can be salvaged and need not dissolve itself *provided* Welch resigns: "In the Birch Society, he [Goldwater] says, are many good earnest people." Cannot this also be said of the Communist Party? What is frightening is that these two champions of "American tradition," Kirk and Goldwater, see nothing inherently untraditional or revolutionary in the concept (with or without Welch) of a Fascist-style secret society, based on the monolithic Fuehrer principle and conspiring to terrorize independent thinking by extra-legal methods.

On the contrary, not defense of civil liberties but defense of Goldwater is the sacred cause for which poor "kiss of death" Welch must be made to resign. One cannot but feel pity for Welch himself, so ruthlessly sacrificed for the sake of a bigger and better Welchism.

If Goldwater merely represented a school of economics, he still would not be a conservative; he would be a *laissez-faire* Manchester liberal. But at least, like such other Manchester liberals as James Mill and the early John Stuart Mill, he would then be a protector of



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civil liberties. Is he? He ardently defended the McCarthyite tyranny to the very end, backing McCarthy all over the country and voting for him when the Senate majority censured him. Kirk evades the point. He builds up Goldwater as a moderate by contrast with Welch: "Tolerant by nature, Barry Goldwater has spoken out with firmness against hysteria." How easy to be tolerant and moderate if all you need as credential is the safe sport of baiting Welch.

But are not McCarthy and his movement dead and forgotten? Is it not clear to everyone that such fake anti-Communism and such Lumpen-conservatism have nothing to do with the serious anti-Communism or a responsible conservatism? No, apparently not. Somehow the responsible conservatives have failed to make their disclaimer ring true in broader circles. At least most liberals by now have made their disclaimer of Communism crystal-clear. In contrast, a big Chicago publisher on February 10, 1962, in announcing paperback reprints of "important" books espousing "the philosophy of intellectual conservatism," headed that list with two books glorifying McCarthy. Today the shell of the "conservative" label has become at best a chrysalis for atomistic Manchester liberalism, opposite of organic unity; at worst for thought-controlling nationalism, uprooting the traditional liberties (including the Fifth Amendment) planted by America's founders.

It is not a question of equating the American right-wing threat with the stronger and cleverer threat of Russian and Chinese Communist expansion. A sober comparative assessment would call the foreign Soviet the greatest threat, the domestic rightist the second greatest, and the domestic Communist Party the least by far. But only a monomaniac concentrates on a single menace, whether the greatest or the least of these three. An effective defense of freedom – by liberals, conservatives, and democratic socialists alike – would fight on all three fronts simultaneously, though not with equal resources and never equating all three. Such a pluralism of fronts also serves the purpose of preventing the seculiarized messianic crusades that are the curse of the 20th Century.

### *An Anti-Ideological Conservatism*

It is not true that you can only defend freedom against the crusading Fascists or Communists by some monolithic counter-crusade and counter-ideology. Freedom's strength is precisely that it is not confined to procrustean ideologies, that it has the classic virtues of balance, proportion and sense of humor. Totalitarianism is forced to retreat and recede, as in the de-Stalinizing renewal of the Soviet poets of the thaw and of the Poles at Poznan, not by counter-fanatics (who only egg it on) but by the pluralist quality of life itself. In the end Proteus conquers Procrustes.

It is misleading that "conservatism" contains the suffix "ism." It is not an ism; Adams, Burke, Tocqueville detested all systems, all ideologies. It is a way of living, of balancing and harmonizing – not science but art. Thus envisaged, there seems no doubt at all that the finest conservative episode in American history, since the miracle of the *Federalist* papers, is the 1952 Presidential campaign of Adlai Stevenson. No figure in our time has better expressed the good-humored, pluralist harmonizing of isms and interests that compose the American reality. During the decade 1952-62, the creative role of Adlai Stevenson was the perfect object-lesson of how to attain liberal and conservative synthesis: Mill plus Burke; Jefferson plus John Adams; civil liberties and open-mindedness plus a *noblesse*-obligated, traditional, and very American spirit of aristocracy, a Periclean-democratic aristocracy. In careerist terms Stevenson failed, on election day, twice. But indirectly he achieved the perhaps more important success of lastingly raising the ethical and intellectual standards of both parties. That is why in the 1960 campaign John F. Kennedy rose to the heights he was capable of, while Richard M. Nixon did not sink to the depths he was capable of.

In 1952 Stevenson said: "The strange alchemy of time has somehow converted the Democrats into the truly conservative party of this country – the party dedicated to conserving all that is best, and building solidly and safely on these foundations. The Republicans, by contrast, are behaving like the radical party – the party of the reckless and the embittered, bent on dismantling institutions which have been built solidly into our social fabric. . . . Our social security system and our Democratic Party's sponsorship of the social reforms and advances of the past two decades [are] conservatism at its best. Certainly, there could be nothing more conservative than to change when change is due, to reduce tensions and wants by wise changes, rather than to stand pat stubbornly, until like King Canute we are engulfed by relentless forces that will always go too far."

And 10 years later Walter Lippmann made a similar statement (equally encouraging for those of us who want to take conservatism away from the "conservatives"): "Though Mr. Kennedy is a progressive and a liberal, he is also a profound conservative, and only the befuddled theorists find that strange and hard to understand." Despite the befuddled theorists, liberalism and conservatism in America have frequently combined in the same statesman, with Lincoln the greatest example of all and with Kennedy and Stevenson being better liberals than the Popular Front liberal weeklies of the 1930's and better conservatives than the rightist weeklies of the 1960's.



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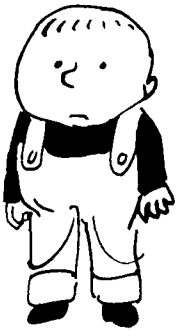
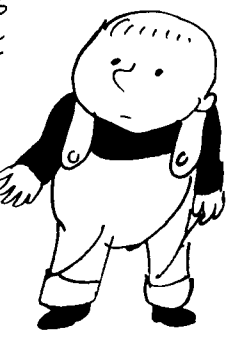
# JULES FEIFFER

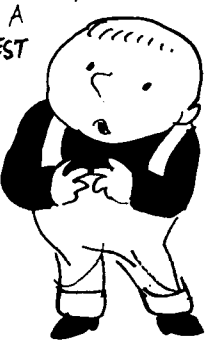
SO ONE DAY DADDY AND MOMMY ASKED ME - "WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, JOEY?" AND I SAID "A **COWBOY**."



SO DADDY SAID TO MOMMY, "HE'S A LITTLE OLD TO BEGIN, SO WE'LL HAVE TO APPLY RIGHT AWAY" AND HE TOOK ME TO THIS FUNNY KIND OF SCHOOL THAT GAVE ME A WHOLE LOT OF TESTS.

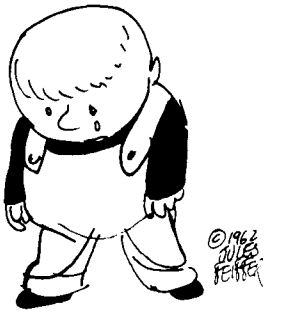


AND AFTER THE TESTS THE TEACHER TOLD DADDY, "THE TESTS PROVE THAT JOEY HAS THE **APTITUDE** TO BE A COWBOY, THE **MENTAL ALERTNESS** TO BE A COWBOY AND THE **CAREER INTEREST** TO BE A COWBOY. OF COURSE, HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE AN **EMOTIONAL QUALIFICATION** EXAM."



SO THEY GAVE ME ONE. AND AFTER THE TEST THE DOCTOR SAID TO DADDY, "THE TEST PROVES THAT JOEY WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT ADJUSTMENT TO THE WEST.

SO DADDY TOOK ME HOME AND SAID TO MOMMY - "WE'LL GET HIM INTO EXETER AND THEN INTO HARVARD AND THEN HE CAN TAKE HIS GRADUATE WORK IN COWBOY AT EITHER STANFORD OR U.C.L.A. DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY, JOEY?" AND I BEGAN TO CRY. AND MOMMY SAID, "WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOEY?"




9-23

AND I SAID, "I CHANGED MY MIND. I WANT TO BE A NURSE."

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# *Bearers of War and Disaster*

*by Frederick R. Karl*

In the key scene of *The Kindly Ones*, the seven guests of the rich industrialist Sir Magnus Donners act out tableaux of the Seven Deadly Sins. Most of them willingly fall into their roles, which uncannily suit them. The narrator himself, Nicholas Jenkins, is arbitrarily assigned Sloth, but somehow even this designation fits, for Jenkins is in a slough of despond over his inability to write during the political upheavals of the late thirties. The host, Sir Magnus, is an amateur photographer whose real interests are war and peace, and his guests, like the nation, are his pawns. As they reveal themselves to his camera eye, he is both host and king, playmate and tyrant.

*The Kindly Ones*
by Anthony Powell
(Little, Brown; $4)

Into this bizarre scene, an outsider bursts in full uniform. "A man stood on the threshold. He was in uniform. He appeared to be standing at attention, a sinister, threatening figure, calling the world to arms. It was Widmerpool." Under such circumstances, Widmerpool, Powell's middle-class English equivalent of Budd Schulberg's Sammy, becomes everyone's uneasy conscience. We recognize that Widmerpool in full regalia should be a figure of fun, but instead of creating comedy, he brings the guests back to the horror of reality. He is indeed a figure of sanity, but the kind of sanity that is a poor substitute for the grotesquerie of the tableaux. As his odd name suggests, Widmerpool is always the outsider; clearly, most people cannot bear him, and Jenkins only tolerates him because they were schoolmates. Yet through sheer determination and blindness to ridicule, Widmerpool moves ahead, gaining a reputation in London and becoming a sinister force in Sir Magnus' vast industrial enterprises as they are being prepared for the coming war.

The great horror of someone like Widmerpool is that he will ultimately gain the power and the glory. While more flexible people foolishly deport themselves as the Seven Deadly Sins to provide sadistic pleasure for Sir Magnus, Widmerpool is ready for the conflict, in uniform and with his statistics ready. His appearance at Sir Magnus' "dolce vita" to report on Turkish chromite becomes the key scene of the entire series, *The Music of Time*, of which *The Kindly Ones* is the sixth volume. For here, the opposing forces meet: those who are perhaps able but temperamentally incapable of action and the man who is obsessed with action, regardless of the course he follows and the damage he does.

Unlike C. P. Snow's continuing series, *Strangers and Brothers*, Powell's *Music of Time* is concerned not with the decisions that most people must make but with those they can possibly avoid. Snow's earnest, and approved, men of will who desire personal power became in Powell's six novels (so far) figures for parody and objects of ridicule for breaking the upper-class code of relaxed leisure. When Powell's "new men," like Widmerpool and to a lesser extent, Quiggin, bull ahead, they often appear as traitors or fools, or unnecessarily hard and inflexible. Such pushers make good in the City, while someone like Stringham, who is loyal to his heritage, dissipates his substance in wasted opportunities and drink. Emerging from this ooze, the offensive and mechanical Widmerpool becomes, ironically, a hero of our times, the vulgar buffoon and clown who makes his desperate way through sheer will.

As a more relaxed and less ambitious Lewis Eliot (the narrator in Snow's series), Nicholas Jenkins provides the focus for dozens of recurring characters whose zaniness passes for normality in the England of the twenties and thirties. If Snow's purpose is to relate how relatively normal men come to decisions that affect themselves and their country, Powell's concern is to prevent his "normal" people from sinking under the weight of their eccentricities; tragically, they have few decisions to make. Their lives are tales told by one of themselves of successive marriages and divorces, of constant reformations and regroupings, of lost opportunities and wasted chances.

*The Kindly Ones* covers a longer time span than any of the other novels in the series, bringing Nicholas Jenkins from childhood during the first world war to responsible adulthood at the outbreak of the second. With its larger range, this novel introduces Powell's full cast of characters: for the first time, we meet Nicholas' parents, and have a more complete portrait of Sir Magnus Donners, the mysterious financial genius whose conversation is a series of trivial expressions. Also, Nicholas' Uncle Giles appears, less an eccentric old codger than a ubiquitous, somewhat tragic figure who operates marginally to disguise that he is a confidence man of a sort. Powell parades before the reader his full range of Dickensian characters: the ageless, enthusiastic General Conyers; the meretricious evangelist, Dr. Trelawney; the disenchanted vulgarian Peter Templer and his hysterical wife; the various servants who float through the Jenkins household; the friends who revolve around Nicholas, all of them much chastened by the world which they had once hoped to bend to their will.

Far more successfully than either Huxley or Waugh, Powell is able to limn ridiculous people who nevertheless maintain their social functions.A typical Waugh (or Huxley) figure of fun possesses an ego that precludes any real accomplishment, and we often wonder how society continues operating, since he contributes nothing to it. Further, a Waugh character is almost



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entirely molded by forces outside his control. On the other hand, Powell's characters, despite their negligence, ignorance, and frivolity, somehow keep the world going. Through some mysterious source of perception, they have a real sense of what they are, even while lack of will negates their chances for self-fulfillment. Powell is able to make us laugh at the same time that we find his eccentrics acceptable people, and as they decline in both power and position, until only they can take each other seriously, we lament the loss of their style and manner, even as we agree that it, too, must pass.

There is, doubtless, a certain slightness to the surface of a Powell novel. One may wonder what Powell can possibly do with such people, who seem incapable of setting their own houses in order, no less their nation. And yet beneath, there are resonances and tones which Powell catches so perfectly that his most trivial people take on significance and withstand the burden they are expected to bear. None of them ever disappears from view; their appearances in the most unexpected places give continuity to the series and allow Powell to merge past experience into present time. Accordingly, as the series continues, the reader becomes increasingly aware of the music itself, of the frequent variations and modulations on a basic theme, of the counterpointing of motifs and characters, of the rich harmonic chords suggested by the author's close orchestration, of the subtle melodies that result from precise notation. The result is a thickness of event and characterization that never becomes heavy, and a density of social fact that never becomes sociological.

Jenkins himself, the ubiquitous barker at the side show of upper class eccentrics, often seems thin, but this is mere appearance. True, he rarely takes a strong stand on any issue, and he frequently fits himself into whatever role is expected. Also, he tolerates unpleasantness beyond the point that the reader wishes him to lash back. In most ways, his "cool" behavior counterpoints Widmerpool's brash insistence and surges of nasty ego, and Nicholas creates the impression of lackluster willlessness. Nevertheless, he remains himself despite the weight of social pressures upon him.

Ironically, he must preserve his integrity even while he suffers the partial loss of his will. As Powell charts the decline of the various social orders, he is also concerned with the loss of will in people of decent tendencies. Clearly, the power of will – and the ambitions that go with it – has passed to the Widmerpools, those mechanical men of the future. There is, accordingly, a great deal of sadness in a Powell novel, although it never passes into sentimentality or nostalgia. There is sadness in Nicholas Jenkins himself, for here is a young man who tries to retain his individuality in the teeth of considerable pressure to the contrary and yet, almost unknowingly, suffers the loss of his will. There is sadness implicit in the fact that power, will, ambition are all becoming increasingly important. Nicholas is shocked when he meets former friends and acquaintances – like Peter Templer and Bob Duport – for they have toughened, become vulgar, somewhat inhuman. All illusions have been smashed, all hopes frustrated by forces working within and without. Even Nicholas' fond memories of Jean Templer-Duport become dust when her former husband informs him that she was carrying on with Jimmy Brent, an odious creature, at the same time that Nicholas thought she loved only him.

In this whirl of time and changing fortunes, there are no constants. People can never be accepted for what they seem to be, for beneath there are forces driving them which remain mysterious and inexplicable. The title, *The Kindly Ones*, itself refers to the Greek Eumenides or Furies, those mysterious carriers of war and disaster whom the Greeks could not satisfactorily explain to themselves. Instead, in a kind of blind devotion to what would never become intellectually clear, they appeased them by calling them "kindly," "gracious," and "well-disposed." And yet the Eumenides were fearful figures, with serpents twined in their hair and blood dripping from their eyes. As goddesses of vengeance, they were absolutely implacable in their sense of justice, pursuing their quarry both on earth and after death. There was no escaping them. As soon as Powell introduces them, he consolidates his position as a tragicomic writer of the first rank, for he catches the terrible sadness that lies beneath frivolity and recognizes that the Eumenides are upon us even as we comport ourselves as if they never existed.

When Nicholas visits the seaside hotel run by Albert, the former family chef, he does so to arrange for the burial of his Uncle Giles, whose scattered appearances throughout the series have taken on legendary importance. Now, Uncle Giles is dead in a seaside hotel that seems itself a mortuary, run by an Albert, now fat and complacent, who retains few of the memories of the past. At a table at Albert's, Nicholas meets Bob Duport, another figure from a dead past, whose account of Jean further disillusions him. The entire world is dying, turning even pleasant memories into ghastly tales. At the end, Nicholas has little choice but to run: the war offers him some opportunity to redeem himself and to redeem society. In enlisting in the vague struggle, he then tries to shake off his image as a figure of Sloth.

Powell and Snow now form the two sides of the traditional English novel, both "social" novelists, both interested in the issues of their day. As is characteristic of the scientist, Snow looks ahead and finds, even amidst man's monumental faults and slips, hope for the future if one remains rational and decent. Powell looks behind and finds rationality and decency very diluted qualities. It remains of great interest to see how he will deal with his characters and themes in successive volumes. As he works his way through the infinite regroupings of society as it prepares for war, he may well emerge as the most substantial and subtle comic writer of his generation.

"THE LONDON SYMPHONY *has given the world première performance of Luigi Nono's Cantata, "On the Bridge at Hiroshima," a musical setting of various ban-the-bomb verses in German, Italian, and Spanish. Lest the hisses and boos with which the audience greeted the work be misconstrued, let's note the possibility that neither performers nor conductor really knew the score."*

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# *Life with the Semi-Colonials*

*by Patrick O'Donovan*

The boldest heart will sink at the prospect of this book. Another work by foreign correspondents who have kept their cuttings and added the personal details that you can't get into a newspaper. The insolence of frontier officials will be there, the foreign flies, the charming hostess who maintained the standards of Mayfair among the noises and smells of a jungle, the canoe trip through crocodiles and/or head hunters, the dinner with the wise old man in Government House. It must have been marvelous to experience; it has a warmed-over, rissole and potato salad sort of taste in print.

*Borderlands*
by Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn
(Knopf; $6.50)

But unbelievably this is not that sort of book. It is a rare thing, the product of much traveling and years of reading with the personal adventures almost eliminated – all recollected in a decent tranquility. It is the fruit of a dispassionate study of one aspect of colonialism which serves to illuminate the whole problem.

America today has gone ambivalent about colonies and their aftermath. The old, traditional fury and resentment of the whole conception of one power taking over the lives and destinies of a poor and unorganized people has gone. That brief period of panic when colonies, well run by reliable friends, seemed in many parts of the world the only bulwark against a host of evils, against disorder and anti-Americanism and the creep of Communism, that has gone too.

With the most careful malice, the United States is today regarded by a large part of the world as the supreme colonial power. An anti-colonial nomenclature is used in discussing its policies. The Foreign Minister of Poland, for example, talking in private, unconsciously and without intending to be particularly rude, talks of American "imperialism" when he means American foreign policy. The United States, then, has personal experience of the problem and of its stigma and yet is in a unique position to be dispassionate. It is more suited than any other power to write the history of colonialism and to guess its future.

The authors here are evidence of this. They have carefully limited their objectives to what they call "the borderlands." A borderland, for the purpose of the book, is defined as an area "far from the center of political, economic and social power in its own country." It tends to be out of sympathy with its national capital and the men in power. Though usually part of a self-governing state, its condition is at least semi-colonial. It is kept as a primary producer. It does not share fully in the development plans of the center and it has little say in policy making.

To this I would add an extra quality that the authors would dispute. These borderlands tend, in any cold appraisal, to be of tertiary political and international importance. Their very real problems do not compare in urgency or in historical implications with those of the Indian village or the Cairo mob.

Some of the lands chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn will drive a reader to the map, they are so obscure. They include Japan's great island of Hokkaido, the lands of the Moros in the Sulu Sea, British North Borneo, the Shan and Karen states, Sikkim and the Turkish wastes around Erzurum.

They are naturally most interested in American achievements and projects in these areas. Thus the Americans get a considerable accolade for their good intentions in the Philippines while the British get an affectionate wigging for what they have done, or rather not done, in North Borneo. But the book has one supreme nostrum for all the ills of these remote places. It is education, local education, which preserves

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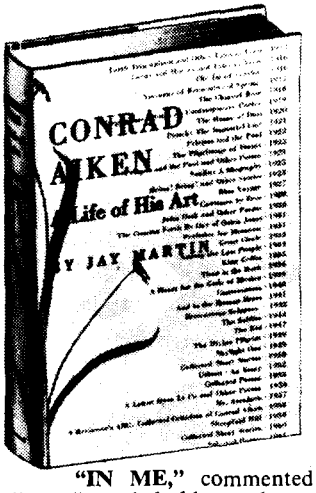
traditions but which also opens the best of the world to backward people who have never been given a chance. The traditional British preference for gradualism and for the education of an elite means little in the face of their bold and even reckless demand for the flinging open of all doors, at once and at almost any cost. It is, of course, an essentially American solution.

Other problems, such as the famine of capital for development, are relegated to a back seat. North Borneo, again, is the subject of a classical explanation of why colonies are and must be poor. But only three of these lands have known a foreign colonialism. And most of them are now part of a self-governing nation which has done little more than the colonial powers themselves.

So the plight of the miserable peasants of East Turkey, Tokyo's comprehensive neglect of the nature and possibilities of Hokkaido, the resentment of the Shans and the anger of the Karens, all are soluble problems. They could be solved by an offer of a fair share of the national cake and by a program of education leading to self-help.

Of course, in many of these places, the plea could be used that the people are happy as they are. This is a perfectly honest way of resisting change for the sake of change. It is the old colonial official's dearest argument against self-government. More freedom and more opportunities can often mean only power for a half-educated and selfish elite and loyal and noble tribes must be deserted to their mercies and sold down the river to an alien nationalism.

It is an honest argument that captivates most travellers from the West. Yet almost all "primitives" would embrace the opportunity for education and change and risk the chance of misery. To preserve their contentment in a colonial aspic is to ensure a future disaster. The Kuhns have no real *tristesse* for primitive innocence and the happiness of limited wants. Theirs is a new American tolerance for the past. They do not bring a contemporary indignation to bear on long past attitudes and events. Theirs is an American readiness to go out and meet the inevitable change and without any doubt it is the right one today.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# *Reviving the Age of Satire*

*by Hayden Carruth*

Where do you draw the line which ends the Great Age of Satire? Probably most people draw it after the death of Swift. A few others, not so bound by the tradition, extend it to Fielding, or Twain, or Wilde, or the later years of Anatole France, or the earlier years of Mencken, Lardner, and Sinclair Lewis. Not many people would go further than that. It seems pretty generally agreed

*Morte D'Urban*
by J. F. Powers
(Doubleday; $4.50)

that Satire Is Dead. I'm delighted to inform you that you must revise your opinion, because J. F. Powers has written a book which is satire in the pure sense – not a symbolic action in the manner of Joyce or Kafka, not a psychological comedy in the manner of Proust or Faulkner, decidedly not a burlesque morality in the manner of Kingsley Amis or Peter de Vries, though all of these can be turned to critical ends – but a pure satire which will nevertheless please the most sophisticated literary taste. Powers has done something quite remarkable: he has revived the satire of the Great Age – from Erasmus to Swift, let's say, reverting to tradition – within a modern context of style and attitude. In fact, the stylishness almost – but not quite – obscures the point that his book is a classical satire against mankind based on the exploitation of types.

Powers is not the only writer who has been ambitious to bring classical satire into modern writing. It is *the* literary problem of our time; everybody talks about it. The occasion is ripe. Katherine Anne Porter made a greatly heroic attempt in her *Ship of Fools;* but although she understood what was required and set up her book in the best classical mode, she spoiled the effect by returning then, through hundreds of pages, to the manner of writing which was appropriate to the psycho-symbolic level of tension in her marvelous short stories but which destroys the cold lucidity required for a massacre of types in her satire. *Morte D'Urban* is far superior; crisp, bitter, hilarious throughout; yet devotees of Miss Porter will find Powers also to their liking, I think, for along with the rest of us he has gone to her school to learn how to write a high prose style in American English, how to concentrate a personality in one minor gesture, and how to use the vernacular in written dialogue without affectation. These are the sophisticated skills Powers brings to his classical form.

Secure in the modesty of accomplishment, Powers may deny the breadth I have given his book. Not mankind but the Church, he may say; not the Church but a part of it. Those who have read the chapters of this book which appeared as short stories in *The*



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*New Yorker* and elsewhere, know that the central figure, Father Urban, is the type of the go-getting priest. He is a cigar-smoker, a subtle back-slapper, a golf-player. He raises more money, builds more churches, preaches more retreats, appears on more television programs, speaks at more Rotary dinners, and makes more converts than any other priest between Champaign and Duluth, which is roughly his "territory." He works vigorously for his order (the "Clementines"), and at various times functions in the context of a parish, a diocese, an archdiocese, etc.; so that in the course of his "operations" we become acquainted with a representative sector (structurally speaking, at any rate) of the hierarchy and with the people who make it go. Now the Church is said to consist of the spiritual authority transmitted by St. Peter to the apostolic succession. You may believe this or you may not; it makes no difference in the present connection; because decidedly this is not what we mean ordinarily when we say "the Church" – not even the priests and monks I have met use the term this way – while what we do mean is precisely the hypertrophic power structure of divisions within divisions, factions within factions, orders, suborders, and sub-suborders; the whole *organization.* Isn't that it? The Church has been organized half to death. And at this point the transference, the enlargement, occurs. Organization: that is, the indispensable folly of mankind.

Do not say allegory, do not say symbol; these terms have been spoiled by too much self-conscious use in literary analysis. *Morte D'Urban* is the sort of book to which they were originally meant to apply. In it every transference – there are many – occurs emotionally, prior to consciousness. Then how do I know they are there? For many reasons, but one piece of evidence seems to me irrefutable. Parts of this book are so cruel in their mockery that they could only have been written by a Catholic for other Catholics – rather special ones at that – if the emotional reference were to the Church alone. Anything else would be simply too embarrassing for all of us. The point is that I am not a Catholic yet I can read the book. I can do so because from the first word on the first page I know – instinctively understand – that Father Urban's life touches me as closely as it touches my Catholic friends. I am not embarrassed, but afraid.

This extensibility, so to speak, is a function of a humane mind, and a humane mind, as we all learned in school when we read *Gulliver's Travels,* is the prerequisite of satire. The trick is to make it work, to get the humaneness into the satire itself, not just stuck on like an ornament. And I guess it's not a trick, really. Either you are a humane person or you aren't, you can't fake it, and the literary life condemns itself continually in the amount of fakery emitted. Humane people seldom become writers; which is unavoidable, since the rewards of writing must be opposed to the rewards of love. Powers is the exception. I can detect no fakery in his book. I wouldn't for anything give away the last chapter; but I will say that the noble gentleness of it cries and sings and speaks so ineluctably – the writing itself – that it would take an immensely illiterate person to resist it.

*Morte D'Urban* may be a great work of art. What is more to the point in a book review, it is likely to be a popular work of art – something touching a large, tender area of the general conscience, whatever the critics say about it. Let's hope so anyway. I expect Powers is going to have to stand up to a lot of sniping from certain self-righteous elements of the Church, and this is one case where it will help, I should think, to have a large number of people on the side of justice and intelligence. Nothing will be decided, of course, except the reputation of J. F. Powers, but perhaps that is enough for the time being.

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### Notes on Contributors

Frederick R. Karl *is on the English faculty of the College of the City of New York. His new book,* The Contemporary English Novel, *will be published this season.* Patrick O'Donovan *is a foreign correspondent for* The Observer *(London).* Hayden Carruth, *formerly the editor of* Poetry *magazine, is at work on a book about Ezra Pound.*


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MOVIES

# A Life's Journey into the Past

Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* is the full statement of the early autobiography that he had disguised and used partially in several plays. *Beyond the Horizon* (1918) is about two brothers, one of whom is tubercular; the doomed couple in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (1923) have his parents' first names; other plays contain further references and derivations. In 1941 O'Neill was at last able to write it all out nakedly (though not for production in his lifetime) – all contained in an August day in 1912 at the summer home of the Tyrones, a day during which the parents and their two sons are flayed open to reveal their hate and need of one another.

*Long Day's Journey into Night*
(Embassy)

After O'Neill's tortuous peregrination to this play, it is interesting that he was not factually accurate about his past. There is no artistic reason, of course, why he had to be, but the alterations and omissions are revealing. Some examples: the father is berated for his stinginess about the house and about the care of his younger son's illness; but the New London house cost James O'Neill $40,000, a ducal sum in those days, and the record of his spending on the boy's illness contradicts the latter charge. The play disregards the fact that the younger son (the author – called Edmund here) had already been married and was a father; or that the older son was absent in a sanitarium for alcoholics when the doctor confirmed that Edmund had tuberculosis; or that the mother had been through the traumatic experience of a breast operation for cancer.

It is notable, too, that all the family except Edmund have grievous character flaws. James is a miser and egotist. Mary is a morphine addict. Jamie is a boozer and corrupter. But Edmund has no faults. He is that classic attractive figure, the consumptive young poet. It could easily be argued that *Long Day's Journey* is a work of self-defense, with the facts of O'Neill's life given incompletely and with some warped emphases in order to justify his dissipated life; that he thought he *had* to lead a wild life, like Baudelaire and Strindberg, in order to be an artist, and wrote this play as *post facto* vindication for his acting-out of an attitude.

But whether or not this is true, the work has strength. To me, it is not, as Mary McCarthy called it, "the greatest realistic drama since Ibsen" (thus dismissing Hauptmann, late Tolstoy, early O'Casey), but it is a large dramatic engine whose components are carefully assembled before your eyes and which grinds its way to its conclusion with the inexorability that is the mark of the totally committed artist. Few would call O'Neill a *writer* of the first rank or a thinker of any consequence or an illuminator of the soul to an unusual degree; but he was here so tenaciously dedicated to a revelation of his truth that the play generates authority even when it is not completely compelling.

And now this extremely long, one-set drama has been placed on film. Why? Among the praised plays of this century, is there one less suitable for filming? The project seems to be the work of what can be called the TV mind. One of the chief "serious" functions of television has been the adaptation of plays of merit, lopping and cramming them into fixed time and limited space, for which the carpenters expect gratitude because TV has brought Something Good to a vast public. Ely Landau and Sidney Lumet, producer and director of this picture, who are well known for their "good works" in television, have now brought Something Good to films; and in the transposition have converted a viable play with tedious stretches into a turgid film with affecting episodes.

About 95 percent of the original script has been retained, and, inevitably, there is power in its moments of highest intensity, which would hold us even as a phonograph recording or a chalk talk. But in the main, when this version must live or languish as a film, it languishes. This theatrical whale has been stranded on the beach of another medium; it is robbed of whatever grace and integral movement it had in its natural element and is left with only its size and some hints of majesty to impress us.

Since the play is essentially unadaptable to film and, anyway, since no real adaptation has been attempted, Lumet has tried to supply the missing cinema motions with movement of the camera.

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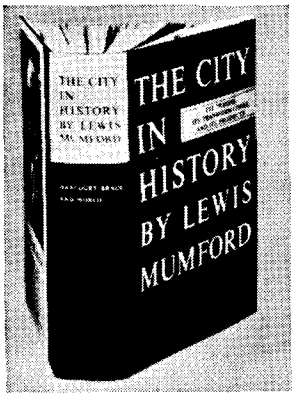


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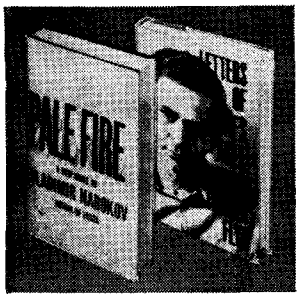


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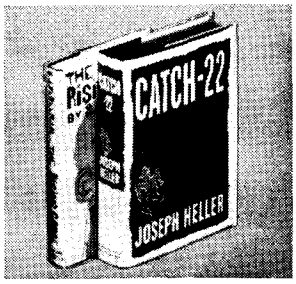


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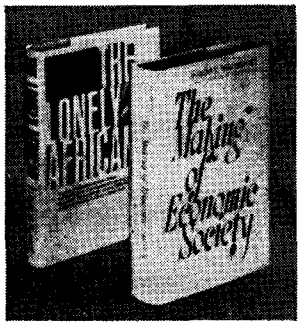


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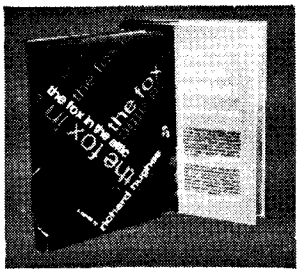


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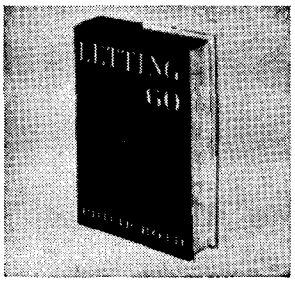


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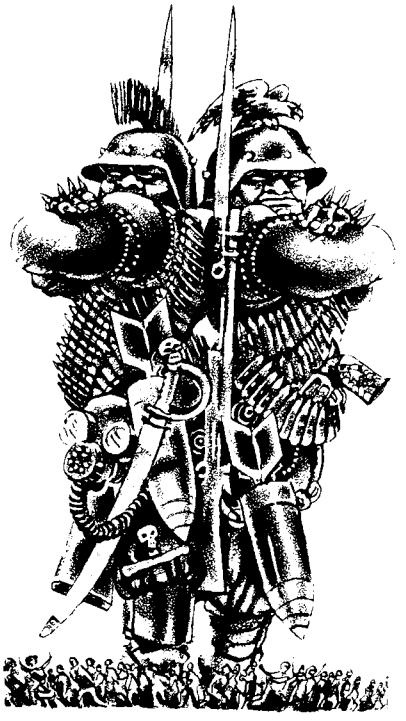

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This not only fails, it is frequently intrusive. His work with the actors is much more successful.

As the father, Ralph Richardson provides a sound performance, instead of the affected distortion that he often palms off as originality. One cannot quite believe that his face ever set feminine hearts aflutter or that he is more than occasionally Irish (when he remembers the brogue); but he drives hard and honestly for the center of this warped, grandiloquent man.

Katharine Hepburn, as his wife, brings understanding and artistic plan to the part. She is simply miscast. Besides looking too young to be the mother of Jason Robards, Jr., her personality and temperament do not encompass this Irish-American woman whose religious-chromo dreams have wrecked her life. (For it is not cheap doctoring or an uncongenial theatrical life that have made Mary Tyrone a drug addict; it is her guilt at having betrayed a nun's vocation.) The whole tenor of Miss Hepburn's being – her Yankee accent itself – is unsympathetic to this lace-curtain part. An actress of lesser talent and perception, better suited to the role, might have had greater effect.

Robards has already been saluted, deservedly, for his performance on Broadway of the sardonic, sporadically remorseful Jamie. He repeats and deepens it here. Edmund is played by Dean Stockwell, an actor with an only partially mobile face and negligible emotional power.

None of them is helped by a blatant, one-level sound-track, incongruous piano music, or (particularly at the end) by low-grade high-jinks in the photography. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

## ART

# *Prints All Over the Country*

Prints are like automobiles: the better they get the worse they get. The increase of technical power in both fields has led to some fairly outlandish things. If, as critics of Freudian engineering insist, the root problem of American motor cars is their use as sex substitutes, similarly the trouble with prints in modern times has been their use as painting substitutes. Like sex and driving downtown, prints and paintings are really two totally different kinds of reality, but they have enough superficial resemblance to deceive the unwary and tempt the unscrupulous.

In prints this has led to two different but related perversions, between which it is hard to choose. On the one hand has come an ever increasing subtlety, or at least ambition, in the manufacture of colored reproductions of paintings, known everywhere as "prints." The current frontier in this field is occupied by several new methods – basically serigraphic – of allegedly reproducing the actual brushstrokes by which a painter produced his art. These vary enormously in their results and, as you might expect, the favorite victim for all the methods is poor old Vincent van Gogh, whose brush strokes are so gratifyingly visible. The chief interest in these methods is anticipation of their confronting such painters as Jan van Eyck and Jan Vermeer who successfully eliminated all traces of brushstrokes as a vital part of their achievement. In any case, both the textured

*American Prints Today: 1962*
(The Print Council of America)

First Showing, opening in late September: Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington

Second Showing, opening around November 6: Albany, Baltimore, Cleveland, Colorado Springs, Detroit, Flint, Manchester, N. H., Sarasota

Third Showing, opening around January 15: Columbia, S. C., Dallas, Hartford, Houston, Louisville, Memphis, Minneapolis, St. Louis



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reproductions and the flat ones are used primarily as painting substitutes, not as memory aids, which is the main legitimate purpose of art reproductions. They are produced in large sizes and are elaborately framed, sometimes with brass plates giving all the vital facts except the name of the department store where sold.

The other perversion having to do with prints is the imitation lithograph. It is, often enough, adapted from an artist's work by some other hand, then presented to him for approval. The implication that it is an "art print" should be vigorously resisted.

Against these and other depravities in prints, the American Print Council has set its face. In four years of life, the Council has produced an excellent booklet on what prints are and it has fought consistently against the use of the word "print" by merchandisers of reproductions. Three years ago the Council staged a multiple exhibition. Now it has another, just opening in eight cities and shortly to move on so as to cover the country in about three months. The very form of the show stresses the fact that prints are multiple originals, thus distinguishing them from both paintings and reproductions. This year's show presents strong evidence of the more intrinsic distinctions between prints and paintings. Until just before the formation of the Council, American prints most on view seemed to be getting ever bigger, ever more "painting-like" in many ways, including the ways of pure accident favored by the painting of the period. "American Prints Today: 1962" presents a strong reaction against that trend, whether the reaction is that of American printmakers or that of the two men who made the final selections, the printman Leonard Baskin and the collector, critic and curator, James Thrall Soby. The 55 prints by 48 artists are almost all rigidly within the strictest boundaries of the medium, and pack a good deal more power than prints as substitutes for paintings are able to.

One note is size. Although Baskin himself has produced some pretty impressive giant-size prints – as had Mauricio Lasansky, also in the show; and, for that matter, as did Albrecht Dürer on occasion – there is something about prints that is normally best in modest sizes. Perhaps this derives from the early connection between prints and printed books: hand illuminations strike us, correctly, as miniatures; prints do not. All the prints here are of reasonable size. One is tiny: Norma Morgan's circular engraving, "Dartmoor" is less than three inches in diameter. Baskin's own etching is just under eight by ten.

Another is color. There are still some bright things on view, but in each case it is decidedly print color, not painting color, as in Edmund Casarella's paper relief cut, "Swamp Bank," and Ralston Crawford's extremely effective visual analysis of a glass.

More typically, though, color is used as a tone, almost as it was in those very early color prints, the chiaroscuro woodcuts. In Baskin's own example, "E.P.: It Is Pitiable," the initials presumably refer to Ezra Pound, whose seedy, hatted profile may be discerned over a square of murky chartreuse. The Lasansky appears to be a self-portrait; the staring eyes, pointed nose and floppy ears are given contrasting warmth by the dim color of the flesh against the surrounding black. With Adolf Dehn, the tonal color is a reddish-brown over a basically black and white image of a sacred bull and a group of robed ladies, called "India Night." The controlled use of color implies great age and immutability. The figures might have been found on the wall of a cave or in an excavated palace. The sense of great age, the sense of dignity, the sense of pathos, all are enhanced by the fading color. Thus Baskin, Lasansky and Dehn have conquered the temptation color presents to the printmaker; they have impressed it into service of the fundamental print sense, which can be described as sensitively aware of man's tragedy more than of his nobility.

This peculiar professional awareness is visible also in the purely black and white prints which seem to compromise a majority of the show. Again, the means of printmaking are closely involved with the intellectual-emotional effects of the images. Gerson Leiber's "Brambles" is an essay in the textures of engraving but from it emerges not a technical discourse but a human real-


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ization in two dark figures surrounded by the sharp sparkle of thorned branches. Gabor Peterdi's "Cliffs, I" is an even more extended essay on the possibilities of etching and engraving taken together, but the vision that comes from these graduated blacks that might be microscopic crystals as well as monumental canyons is of man's destiny on such an earth; these cliffs are seen as once the calm sea was seen from Dover Beach.

Literary? It's not really an objection. Prints are different from paintings; part of their difference is that they are printed like books. The most effective reminder of that in the show is Ben Shahn's brilliant serigraph, "Blind Botanist," in which the man and the plant are in tangled illumination of a 17th Century quotation.

FRANK GETLEIN

# Correspondence

## Birdman of Alcatraz

*Sirs:*

Mr. Francis Biddle objects (*NR*, September 17) to the following statements relating to Robert Stroud in my review of *Birdman of Alcatraz:* "Recently, Attorney General Kennedy refused to recommend commutation [of Stroud's life sentence], thus agreeing with James V. Bennett, the Federal Director of Prisons, who is Stroud's long-term 'antagonist'. . . . It is difficult to believe that Stroud . . . is not being used especially harshly because his second victim was a guard."

As even this excerpt shows, I did not hold Mr. Bennett solely accountable for Stroud's treatment. But to say, as Mr. Biddle does, that Bennett "made no suggestion to anyone as to the propriety of clemency being granted to Stroud by the President" is close to disingenuous. In a letter to *The Los Angeles Mirror* in August, 1961, Mr. Bennett wrote: "Your editorial . . . holds me responsible for keeping Stroud in prison. . . . Stroud remains in prison because no one who is fully familiar with his case has seen fit to take the responsibility for recommending his release." In reply to Mr. Bennett's letter, Stanley A. Furman, attorney for Stroud, wrote to the same newspaper:

> "Mr. Bennett's disclaimer of authority to arrange Stroud's release has a hollow sound in view of his many efforts to suppress the story of this prisoner's life. Random House, *Scientific American, Reader's Digest*, 20th Century Fox, Josh Logan's Mansfield Productions, the Johnston Office, and Harold Hecht and Burt Lancaster have all received the benefit of Mr. Bennett's opinions regarding the publicizing of Stroud's accomplishments. . . . Mr. Bennett points to the fact that the Board of Parole has never seen fit to recommend parole after examining the record of Stroud. But who creates 'the record' of a prisoner who has been in jail since 1909 and in solitary confinement under the absolute control of prison authorities since 1916?"

Mr. Biddle says that I "could easily have ascertained" the facts about Mr. Bennett's treatment of Stroud. But Mr. Furman has said: "I have never been permitted to see and evaluate Stroud's file despite efforts to do so." In the letter quoted above, Mr. Furman said that Thomas Gaddis, author of *Birdman of Alcatraz,* and Paul O'Neil, a *Life* writer, were also denied access to Stroud's file "by Mr. Bennett, who did offer Mr. O'Neil access to confidential files of other more interesting convicts."

Mr. Biddle details Stroud's two killings as if I had omitted to mention them or had whitewashed them. The whole subject of my article was our treatment of a criminal, not of an innocent man. Mr. Biddle writes that in 1959 Stroud assaulted a mentally retarded boy. Mr. Furman wrote in 1961: "Even Mr. Bennett has stated in a letter that Stroud has committed no act of violence since 1920."

As to my reasons for thinking that Stroud has been treated "especially harshly," I mentioned two. 1) At 5 a.m. on the morning of December 15, 1942, Stroud was routed out of bed and told he was being moved from Leavenworth, where he had been imprisoned for about 30 years, to Alcatraz. He was



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forced to move *at once* and to leave all his birds, books, and equipment behind. (Later, on Stroud's petition, a Federal Circuit Court sustained a District Court ruling that the transfer was valid and at the discretion of the Attorney General – in this case, Mr. Biddle.) 2) In 1959 Federal Judge Walter Huxman of the Kansas District Court ruled that the original solitary confinement order of Attorney General Daugherty in 1920 was illegal. Stroud's solitary imprisonment, which had begun before that order, totaled forty-three years.

For comparison as to leniency, I cited the case of Joseph Redenbaugh, a double murderer, who was paroled by the State of Minnesota after serving 44 years. I might also have cited Nathan Leopold, whom Illinois paroled after serving 33 years for the "thrill murder" of Bobby Franks. (Stroud had been in prison 15 years before Leopold began his term.)

Mr. Biddle says that Stroud "remains an aggressive and dangerous homosexual, with homicidal tendencies." As to Stroud's dangerousness, Senator Edward V. Long, chairman of the Senate sub-committee on National Penitentiaries, is uncertain enough to instigate a review of the case. To use the word "homosexual" as a term of opprobrium about a man who has been in prison for 53 years seems like locking a man in a cellar for half a century and then berating him for being pallid.

Mr. Biddle calls Mr. Bennett "the best Director the Bureau [of Prisons] has ever had." For the sake of accuracy, Mr. Biddle will want me to note that Mr. Bennett is only the second Director the Bureau has ever had; it was founded in 1929.

Mr. Biddle concludes that he has written his letter "to point out how detrimental to proper law enforcement, particularly among the impressionable young, is this romanticizing and glamorizing of murderers." Using almost the same words in a radio interview two years ago, Mr. Bennett said: "The glamorizing of a murderer like Stroud would not be in the public interest and would be detrimental to our national well-being, harmful to our young, impressionable youth, and be a handicap to law enforcement."

Terms like "glamorizing" and romanticizing" have a certain historical ring in this connection. They are frequently used against critics by supporters of the penological *status quo*, particularly those who have been professionally involved with it. One could –equally unsoundly–accuse Mr. Biddle of denigrating bias because he omits from his letter any note of Stroud's intellectual accomplishments in prison.

As for the "impressionable young", one can ask which is more salutary for them: a society that treats criminals–even vicious murderers – purely punitively and vindictively; or a society that, while protecting itself, tries to learn more about the causes of crime, to salvage lives out of social catastrophes, to practise the ethical principles that are paid lip service on every side. I suggest that society's ethical callousness is demonstrably responsible for a good deal of our trouble with young people today: and that the second of the alternatives above is not glamorization.

*Stanley Kauffmann*
*New York, N. Y.*

## What After Franco?

*Sirs:*

With reference to the article, "This Man Franco" (August 27):

The numerous elements in Spain comprising the Middle, ranging from "Catholic Monarchists to Republican Socialists" are hopelessly Balkanized in their political attitudes and programs. What if Franco were to die tomorrow? Would the government become a monarchy or a republic? What form of electoral representation would the Spanish people assume? What would be done to rehabilitate the laws and their administration? Who would control the military, and how? I ask these few obvious questions merely to point up the fact that in spite of their well-meaning, academic liberalism and their temporary union in opposition to Franco, the liberal elements in Spain are wholly without a practical and united program. The liberal Middle must unite and work out an effective program for the government of Spain, capable of being effectuated imediately upon the demise of Franco. The experience of Kerensky shows the alternative.

*William M. Wiecek*
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